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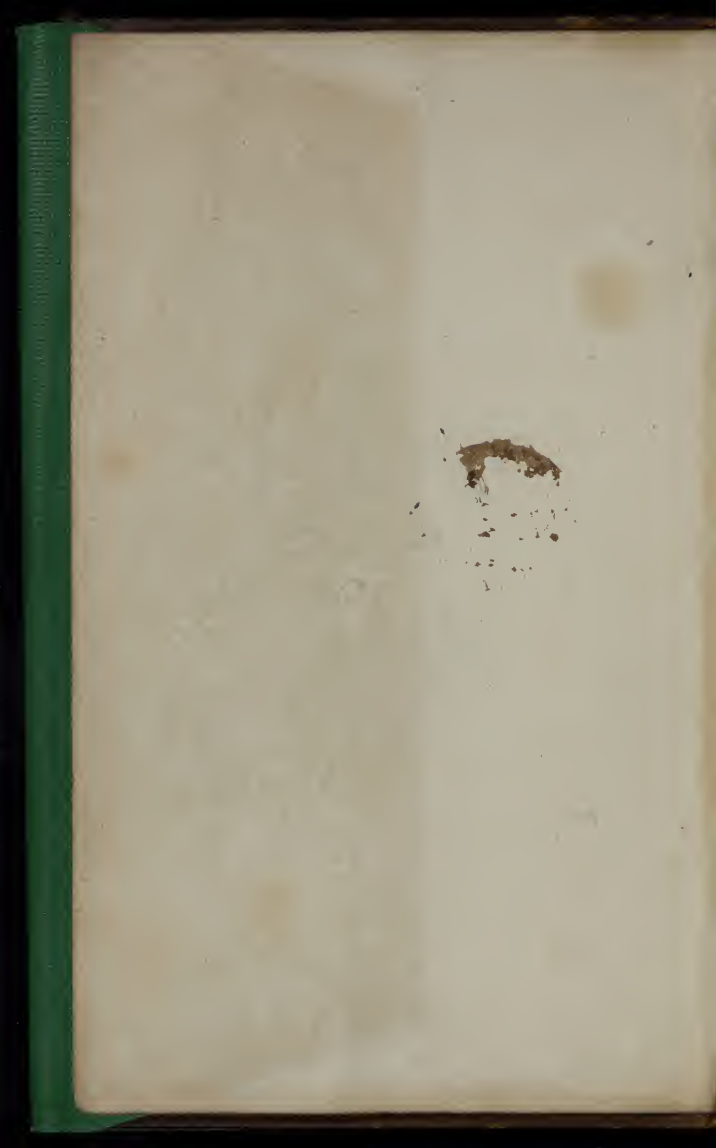
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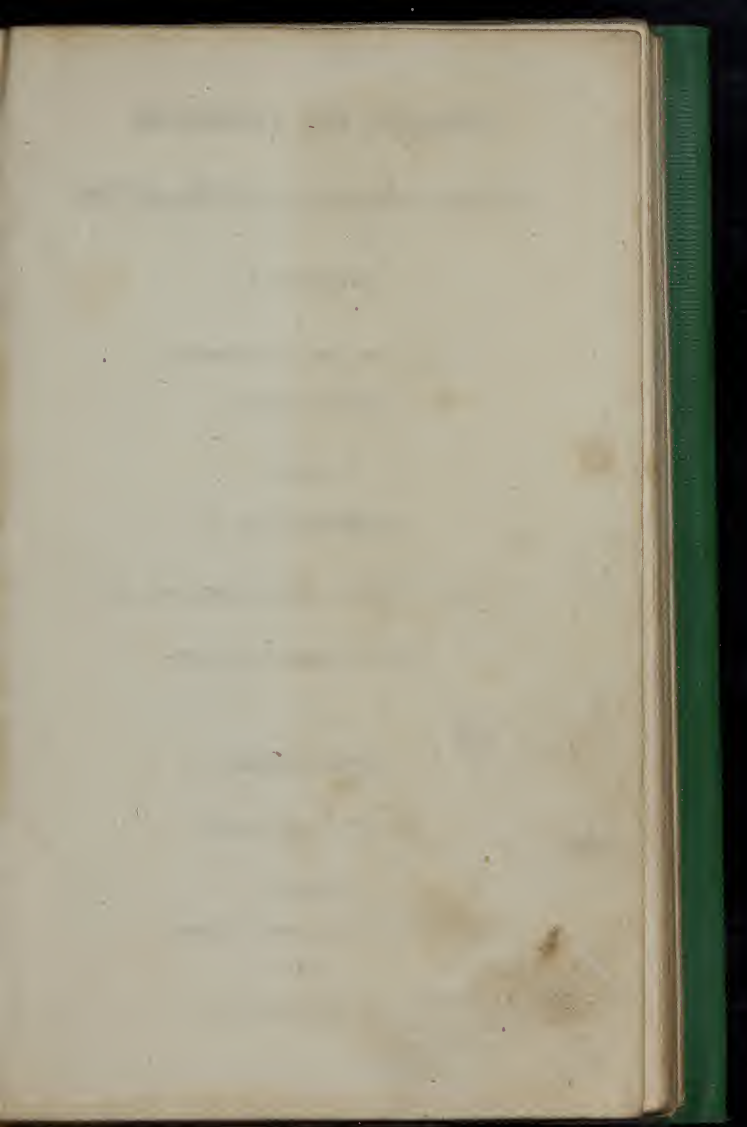
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26









Covent Garden prompt books

v. 12

Beaumont's and Fletcher's
RULE A WIFE, AND HAVE A WIFE,

A COMEDY,

ADAPTED TO THE STAGE BY

JAMES LOVE;

REVISED BY

J. P. KEMBLE;

AND NOW FIRST PUBLISHED AS IT IS ACTED AT

THE THEATRE ROYAL

IN

Cobent Garden.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE THEATRE.

1811.

Price Eighteen Pence.

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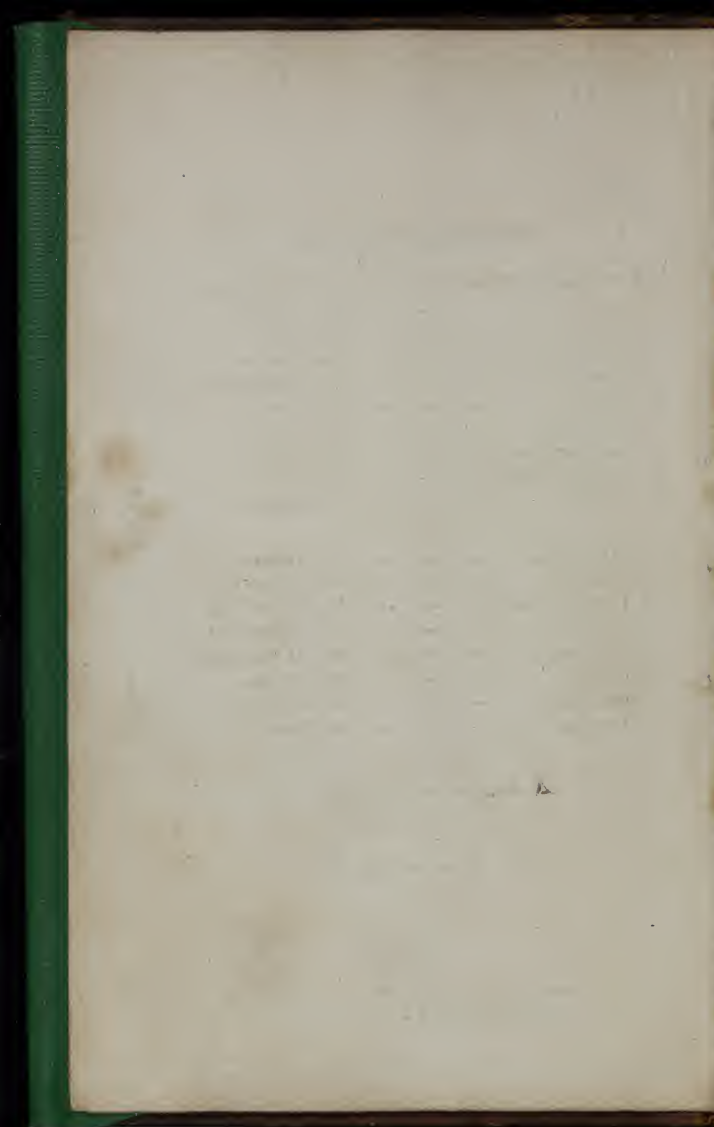
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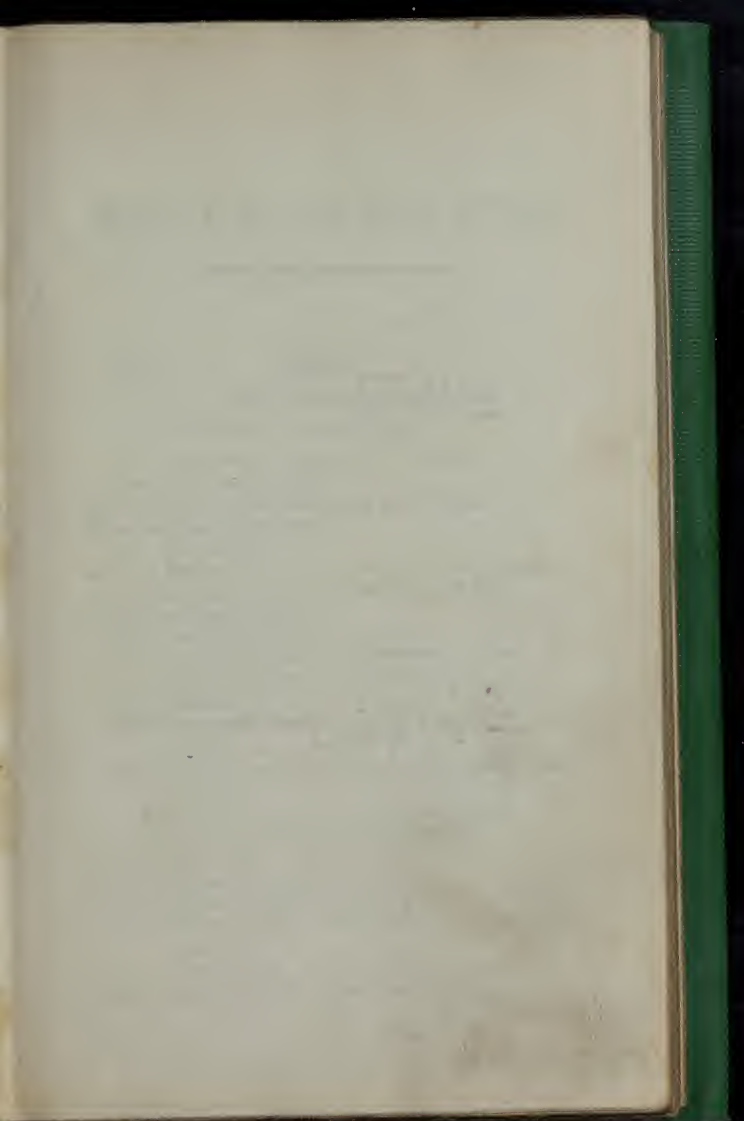
PERSONS REPRESENTED.

4 ¹ / ₂ The Duke of Medina,	—	—	—	Mr. BARRYMORE.	<i>M. Barrymore</i>
JUAN,	—	—	—	Mr. EGERTON.	—
21 ¹ / ₂ PEREZ,	—	—	—	Mr. JONES.	—
+ ALONSO,	—	—	—	Mr. CLAREMONT.	<i>Baker</i>
2 SANCHO,	—	—	—	Mr. HAMMERTON.	<i>Hammerton</i>
+ LEON,	—	—	—	Mr. KEMBLE.	<i>Kemble</i>
CACAFOGO,	—	—	—	Mr. FARLEY.	—
LORENZO,	—	—	—	Mr. TREBY.	—
DIEGO, <i>(no dialogue)</i>	—	—	—	Mr. HEATH.	—
1 VASCO,	—	—	—	Mr. MENAGE.	<i>Menage</i>
1 ¹ / ₂ MARGARITA,	—	—	—	Mrs. GIBBS.	<i>Gibbs</i>
1 ¹ / ₂ VICTORIA,	—	—	—	Miss LESERVE.	<i>Leserve</i>
1 ¹ / ₂ ISABEL,	—	—	—	Mrs. WHITMORE.	<i>Whitmore</i>
3 ¹ / ₂ ALTEA,	—	—	—	Mrs. HUMPHRIES.	<i>Humphries</i>
12 ¹ / ₂ ESTIFANIA,	—	—	—	Mrs. H. JOHNSTON.	<i>Johnston</i>
1 ¹ / ₂ CLARA,	—	—	—	Mrs. WATTS.	<i>Watts</i>
1 ¹ / ₂ Old Woman,	—	—	—	Mr. SIMMONS.	<i>Simmons</i>
1 ¹ / ₂ Daughter,	—	—	—	Mr. KING.	<i>King</i>

A Attendants on MARGARITA.

SCENE—Seville.





1

R- { Man 2^a
 { Perez.

2.

F- { Vasco
 { Clara — Packet of letters.
 { Estelonia

Rule a Wife, and Have a Wife.

ACT I:

Pon.

SCENE I.

Don Juan's Lodgings. 2nd 1/2

12— Enter JUAN and PÉREZ.

Per. ARE your companies full, colonel?

Juan. No, not yet, sir;

Nor will not be this month yet, as I reckon.
How rises your command?

Per. We pick up still;

And, as our monies hold out, we have men come.
About that time, I think, we shall be full too:
Many young gallants go.

Juan. And unexperienc'd:—

There's one Don León, a strange goodly fellow,
Commended to me from some noble friends
For my Alferes.

Per. I've heard of him, and that he hath serv'd
before too.

Juan. But no harm done, nor ever meant, Don
Michael,

That came to my ears yet. Ask him a question,
He blushes like a girl, and answers little,—
To the point, less.

I never yet heard certainly
Of any gentleman that saw him angry.

Per. Preserve him; he'll conclude a peace, if
need be.

Many, as stout as he, will go along with us,
That swear as valiantly as heart can wish,

Their mouths charg'd with six oaths at once, and
whole ones,

That make the drunken Dutch creep into mole-hills.

Juan. 'Tis true, such we must look for. But,
Michael Perez,

When heard you of Donna Margarita, the great
heiress?

Per. I hear every hour of her, though I ne'er saw
her;

She is the main discourse. Noble Don Juan de Castro,
How happy were that man could catch this wench up,
And live at ease! She's fair and young, and wealthy,
Infinite wealthy, and as gracious too
In all her entertainments, as men report.

Juan. But she is proud, sir, that I know for certain,
And that comes seldom without wantonness:
He that shall marry her, must have a rare hand.

Per. 'Would I were married, I would find that
wisdom

With a light rein to rule my wife. If e'er woman
Of the most subtile mould went beyond me,
I'd give the boys leave to hoot me out o' the parish. + L.

L. *Enter VASCO.*

Vas. Sir, there be two gentlewomen attend to speak
with you.

Juan. Wait on 'em in.

Per. Are they two handsome women?

Vas. They seem so, very handsome; but they're
veil'd, sir.

Per. Thou put'st sugar in my mouth. How it
melts with me!

I love a sweet young wench.

Juan. Wait on them in, I say.

[Exit VASCO. L.]

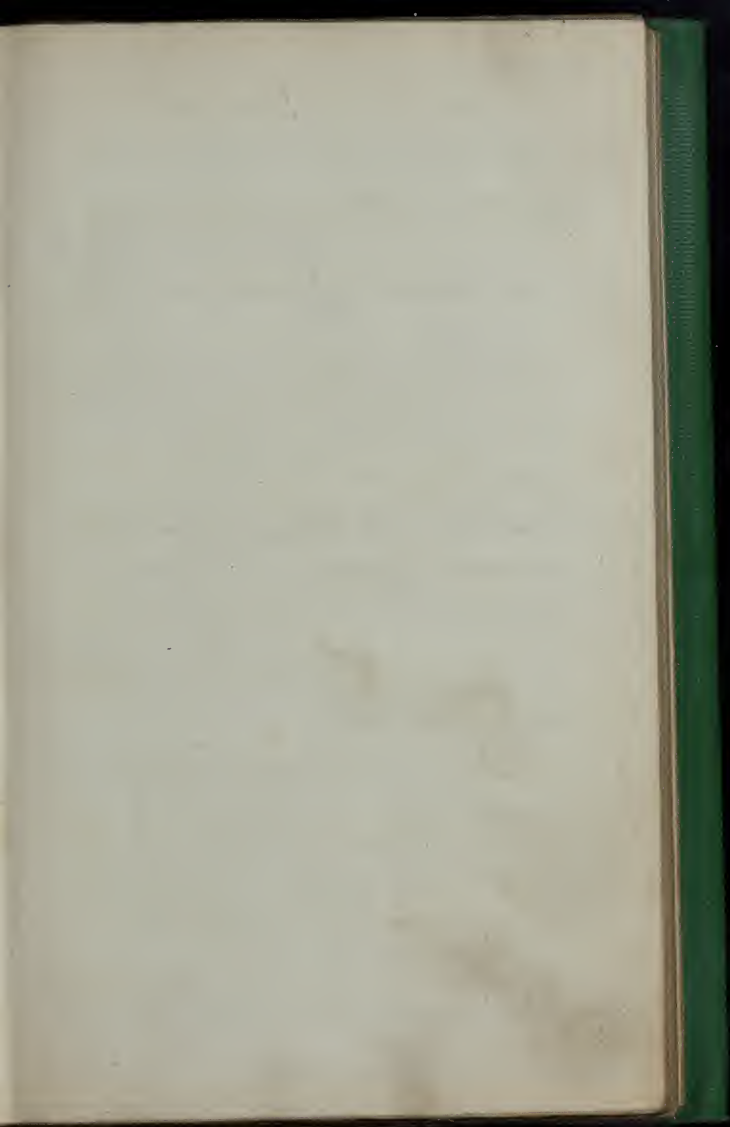
Per. Don Juan,—hem! hem!—

Juan. Michael, how you burnish!

Will not this soldier's heat out of your bones yet?

Per. There be two.

Juan. Say, honest; what shame have you then?



A Vasco + behind to R.

A Perez + behind to Estifania L.H. - tries
to persuade her to unvail

A Perez signs Vasco. to follow Juan

Per. I would fain see that:
I've been i' the Indies twice, and have seen strange things;
But for two honest women!—One I read of once. x R.
Juan. 'Pr'ythee, be modest.
Per. I'll be any thing.

Enter VASCO^{1.} with CLARA^{2.} and ESTIFANIA^{3.}, both veiled.

Juan. You're welcome, ladies. + to Clara
Per. Both hooded! I like 'em well though.—
They come not for advice in law sure hither.—
They're very modest: 't is a fine prelude.
Juan. With me, or with this gentleman, would you speak, lady?
Clara. [Unveils.] With you, sir; as I guess, Juan de Castro.
Per. Her curtain opens; she is a pretty gentleman-woman. A
Juan. I am the man, and shall be bound to fortune, I may do any service to your beauties.
Clara. Captain, I hear, you're marching down to Flanders,
To serve the Catholick king.
Juan. I am, sweet lady.
Clara. I have a kinsman and a noble friend Employ'd in those wars,—may be, sir, you know him,—
Don Campusano, captain of carbines,
To whom I would request your nobleness
To give this poor remembrance.— [Gives him a packet of letters.]

Juan. I shall do it:
I know the gentleman, a most worthy captain.
Clara. Something in private.
Juan. Step aside: I'll serve thee. A
[Exeunt JUAN, CLARA, and VASCO. R.]
Per. 'Pr'ythee, let me see thy face.
Esti. Sir, you must pardon me:
Women of our sort, that maintain fair memories

And keep suspect off from their chastities,
Had need wear thicker veils.

Per. I am no blaster of a lady's beauty,
Nor bold intruder on her special favours;
I know how tender reputation is,
And with what guards it ought to be preserv'd, lady:—
You may to me.

Esti. You must excuse, signior, I come
Not here to sell myself.

Per. As I'm a gentleman,—by the honour of a
soldier,—

Esti. I believe you;—[He offers to lift up her veil.]
I pray be civil;—I believe you 'd see me;
And, when you 've seen me, I believe you 'll like me;
But, in a strange place, to a stranger too,
As if I came on purpose to betray you,—
Indeed I will not.

Per. I shall love you dearly:
And 't is a sin to fling away affection.
I know not,—you have struck me with your modesty
So deep, and so entirely taken from me
All the desire I might bestow on others,—
Quickly, before they come.

Esti. Indeed, I dare not:
But, since I see you 're so desirous, sir,
To view a poor face that can merit nothing
But your repentance,—

Per. It must needs be excellent.

Esti. And with what honesty you ask it of me;
When I am gone, let your man follow me,
And view what house I enter: thither come;
For there I dare be bold to appear open;
And, as I like your virtuous carriage then,
I shall be able to give welcome to you.—
She 'th done her business; I must take my leave, sir.

Enter VASCO, CLARA, and JUAN.

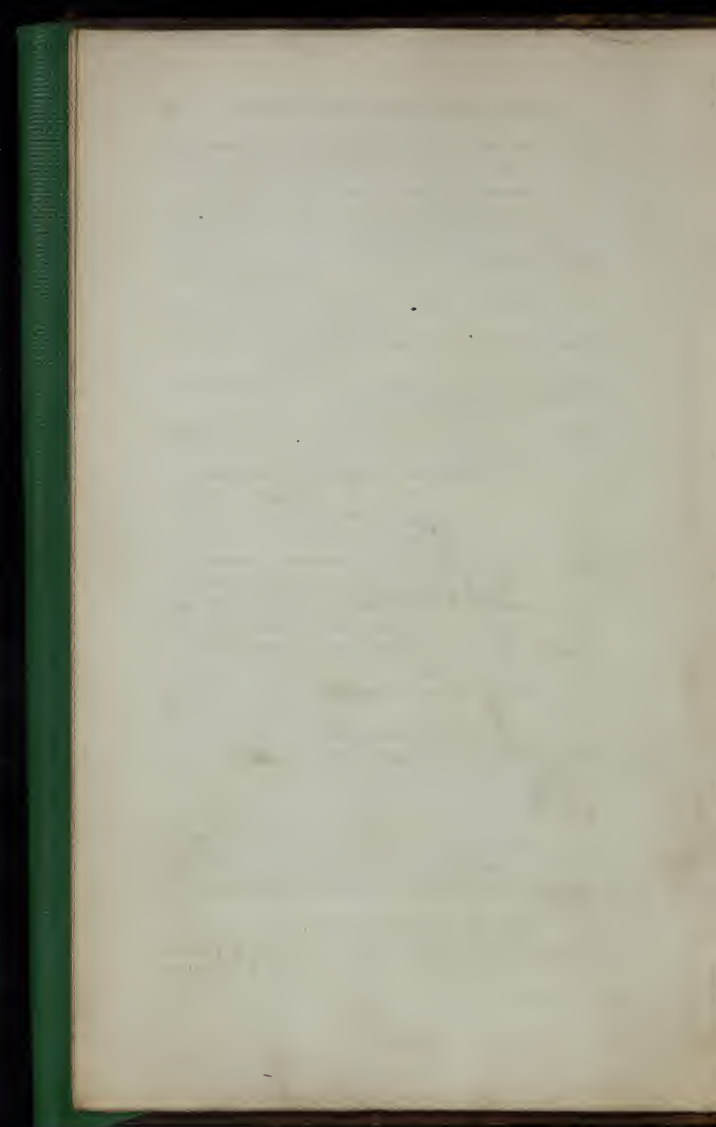
Per. I 'll kiss your fair white hand, and thank you,
lady:

Discontented I have no mistress
no desire to honor any but you

3

E - Victoria
E - Isabel
R - Alter

+ Blacket



My man shall wait, and I shall be your servant.—
Vasco,—come near; hark. [*Whispers VASCO.*]

Juan. You will command me more services?

Clu. To be careful of your noble health, dear sir,
That I may ever honour you.

Juan. I thank you,

And kiss your hands.—Wait on the ladies down there.

Vas. [*To PEREZ.*] I shall do it faithfully.

[*Exeunt VASCO, CLARA, and ESTIFANIA.*]

Per. You had the honour to see the face that came
to you?

Juan. And 't was a fair one. What was yours, Don
Michael?

Per. Mine was i' the eclipse, and had a cloud drawn
over it:

But, I believe well; and I hope 't is handsome.
She had a hand would stir a holy hermit.

Juan. You know none of 'em?

Per. No. *+ R.*

Juan. [*Aside.*] Then I do, captain;
But I'll say nothing till I see the proof on 't:
Sit close, Don Perez, or your worship's caught.—

Per. Were those she brought love-letters?

Juan. A packet to a kinsman now in Flanders.
Yours was very modest, methought.

Per. Some young unmanag'd thing;
But I may live to see——

Juan. 'T is worth experience.

Let's walk abroad, and view our companies.

[*Exeunt. L.*]

SCENE II.

A Street.

Enter ESTIFANIA quickly, and goes into a House. E.D.

Enter VASCO, running.

Vas. 'T is this or that house, or I've lost my aim,—
They're both fair buildings:—She walk'd plaguy fast,
And hereabouts I lost her.—

L. D. Re-enter ESTIFANIA.

Stay, that's she,
'T is very she.—She makes me a low courtesy.—
Madam, I am your most obedient servant.—

[Exit ESTIFANIA. R. D.

Let me note the place:—the street I well remember.

[Exit VASCO. R. L

SCENE III. 2^d 9^v

Margarita's Country-House.

L- Enter VICTORIA and ISABEL.

Isa. What should it mean, that in such haste we're
sent for?

Vic. Belike, the lady Margaret has some business
She'd break to us in private.

Isa. It should seem so.

'T is a good lady, and a wise young lady.

Vic. And virtuous enough too, I warrant ye,
For a young woman of her years; 't is pity,
To load her tender age with too much virtue.

R- Enter ALTEA.

Alt. Good-morrow, ladies. + M.

Isa. 'Morrow, my good madam.—

How does the sweet young beauty, lady Margarita?

Vic. Has she slept well after her walk last night?

Isa. Are her dreams gentle to her mind?

Alt. All's well,

She's very well.—She sent for you thus suddenly
To give her counsel in a business

That much concerns her.

Vic. She does well and wisely.

Alt. She would fain marry.

Isa. 'T is a proper calling,

And well beseems her years:—Whom would she
yoke with?

Alt. That's left to argue on. I pray, come in + R.

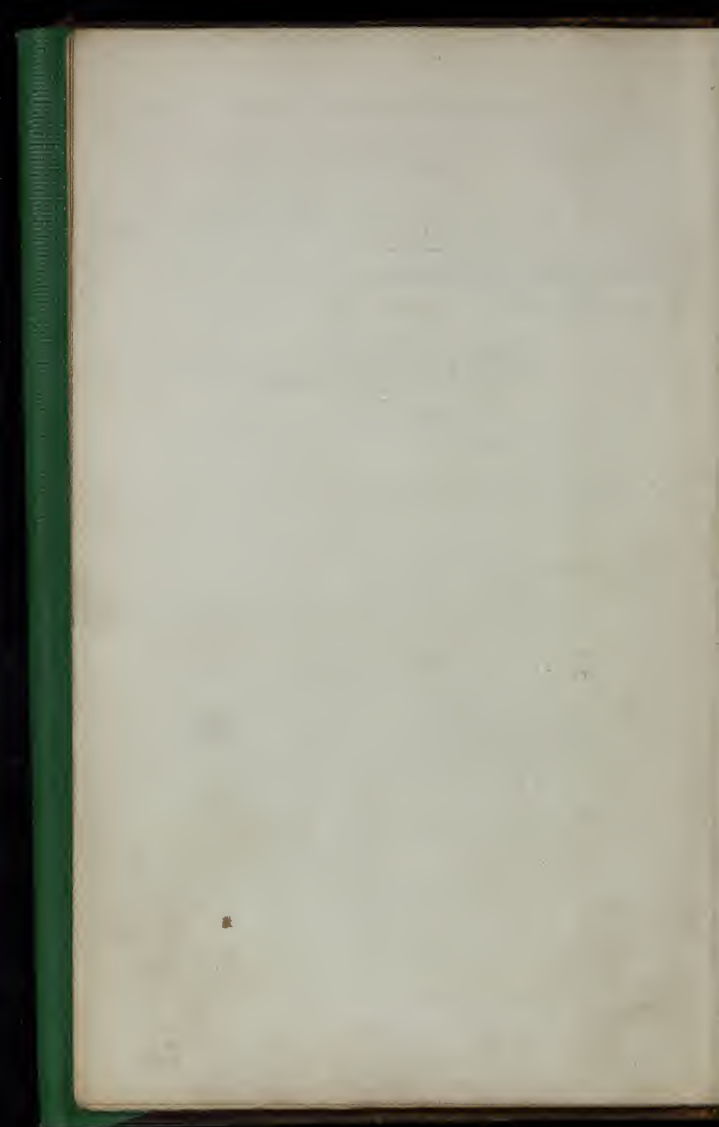
△

£ - 1/2 Inan

Leon

£ - 1/2 Alonzo

Cacafazo - Bag of money



And break your fast ; drink a good cup or two,
To strengthen your understandings ; then she'll tell
ye.

Wc. And good wine breeds good counsel ; we'll
yield to ye.

[*Exeunt. H.*]

SCENE IV.

A Street.

Enter JUAN and LEON.

Juan. Have you seen any service ?

Leon. Yes.

Juan. Where ?

Leon. Every where.

Juan. What office bore ye ?

Leon. None ; I was not worthy.

Juan. What captains know you ?

Leon. None ; they were above me.

Juan. Were you ne'er hurt ?

Leon. Not that I well remember :

But once I stole a hen, and then they beat me.

'Pray, ask me no long questions ; I've an ill memory.

Juan. [*Aside.*] This is an ass :—Did you ne'er
draw your sword yet ?

Leon. Not to do any harm, I thank heaven for't.

Juan. Nor ne'er ta'en prisoner ?

Leon. No ; I ran away ;

For I had ne'er no money to redeem me.

Juan. Can you endure a drum ?

Leon. It makes my head ake.

Juan. Are you not valiant when your're drunk ?

Leon. I think not ; but I am loving, sir.

Juan. [*Aside.*] What a lump is this man !—

Was your father wise ?

Leon. Too wise for me, I'm sure ;

For he gave all he had to my younger brother.

Juan. [*Aside.*] That was no foolish part, I'll bear
you witness.—

Why art thou sent to be my officer,
Ay, and commended too, when thou dar'st not fight?

Leon. There be more officers of my opinion,
Or I am cozen'd, sir; men that talk more too. x

Juan. [*Aside.*] This fellow has some doubts in his
talk that strike me:—

He cannot be all fool.—

Enter ALONSO.

~~+ 10~~ —Welcome, Alonso.

Alon. What have you got there, temperance into
your company?

The spirit of peace? We shall have wars by the
ounce then.

Enter CACAFOGO without.

Cacaf. Ay, ay,—enough, enough.

Alon. O, here's another pumpion,
The cramm'd son
Of a starv'd usurer, Cacafofo:
Both their brains butter'd cannot make two spoonfuls.

Enter CACAFOGO, with a Bag of Money.

Cacaf. My father's dead; I am a man of war too;
Monies, demesnes; I've ships at sea too, captains.

Juan. Take heed o' the Hollanders, your ships may
leak else.

Cacaf. I scorn the Hollanders; they are my drunk-
ards.

Alon. Put up your gold, sir; I will borrow it else.

Cacaf. I'm satisfied—[*Puts up his Money.*]
—you shall not.—[*Sees LEON.*]

Come out, I know thee; meet mine anger instantly.

Leon. I never wrong'd ye.

Cacaf. Thou hast wrong'd mine honour; [*Draws
his Sword.*]

Thou look'dst upon my mistress thrice lasciviously;
I'll make it good. ~~+ to Juan~~

Juan. Do not heat yourself; you will surfeit.

Cacaf. Thou won't my money too with a pair of
base bones

5

L { Estipania
2 Perez.

A Sideboard richly decorated with plate in G.
4 Chairs - 2 on each side of sideboard.

In whom there was no truth ; for which I beat thee,
I beat thee much ; now I will hurt thee dangerously. *+ to Leon*
This shall provoke thee. [*He attempts to kick LEON.*]

Leon. I cannot choose but kick again.—*[Kicks CACAFOGO]*—'Pray, pardon me.

Cacaf. Hadst thou not ask'd my pardon, I had kill'd thee.

+ R. I leave thee as a thing despis'd.—*Beso las manos à vuestra Señoria.*—Boh !

[Exit CACAFOGO. R.]

Alon. You've 'scap'd by miracle: there is not in all Spain

A spirit of more fury than this fire-drake.

Leon. I see, he's hasty ; and I'd give him leave
To beat me soundly, if he'd take my bond.

Juan. What shall I do with this fellow ?

Alon. Turn him off ;

He will infect the camp with cowardice,
If he go with thee.

Juan. Sir,—about some week hence, *+ R. Alon. follows*
If I can hit upon no abler officer,
You shall hear from me.

Leon. I desire no better.

[— [Exeunt LEON,] JUAN and ALONSO. R.]

[Laughing at Leon]

SCENE V. *3-4-*

Margarita's Town-House. A

[— Enter ESTIFANIA and PEREZ.]

Per. You've made me now too bountiful amends,
lady,

For your strict carriage when you saw me first.
These beauties were not meant to be conceal'd ;
It was a wrong to hide so sweet an object :

I could now chide ye ; but it shall be thus.—*[Kisses her.]*

No other anger ever touch your sweetness !

Esti. You appear to me so honest, and so civil,
Without a blush, sir, I dare bid you welcome.

Per. Now, let me ask your name.

Esti. 'Tis Estifania, the heir of this poor place.

Per. Poor do you call it?

There's nothing that I cast mine eyes upon,
But shows both rich and admirable; all the rooms
Are hung as if a princess were to dwell here;
The gardens, orchards, every thing so curious!—
Is all that plate your own too?

Esti. 'Tis but little,

Only for present use; I've more and richer,
When need shall call, or friends compell me use it.

Per. [*Aside.*] Now, if she be not married, I've
some hopes.—

Are you a maid?

Esti. You make me blush, to answer:

I ever was accounted so to this hour,
And that's the reason that I live retir'd, sir.

Per. Then would I counsel you to marry presently;—

[*Aside.*] If I can get her, I am made for ever,—

For every year you lose, you lose a beauty:

A husband now, an honest careful husband,

Were such a comfort!—Will ye walk above stairs?

Esti. This place will fit our talk, 't is fitter far;

Above there are temptations I dare n't trust, sir.

Per. [*Aside.*] She's excellent wise withall too.

Esti. You nam'd a husband.—I am not so strict,
sir,

Nor tied unto a virgin's solitariness,

But if an honest, and a noble one,

Rich, and a soldier,—for so I've vow'd he shall be,—

Were offer'd me, I think I should accept him:

But, above all, he must love.

Per. He were base else.—

[*Aside.*] There's comfort minister'd in the word
soldier:—

How sweetly should I live!—

Esti. I'm not so ignorant,

But that I know well how to be commanded,

x you're no idea what comfort there is in
a husband

And you are so docile, that
I love you for the sake of my own
soul, and for the sake of you.

And how again to make myself obey'd, sir :
I waste but little, I have gather'd much ;
My rial not the less worth, when 't is spent,
If spent by my direction : to please my husband,
I hold it as indifferent in my duty
To be his maid i' the kitchen, or his cook,
As in the hall to know myself the mistress.

Per. [*Aside.*] Sweet, rich, and provident : Now
fortune stick to me !—

I am a soldier, and a bachelor, lady,
And such a wife as you I could love infinitely :
They that use many words, some are deceitful ;
I long to be a husband, and a good one :
For, 't is most certain, I shall make a precedent
For all that follow me to love their ladies.
'T is true, I shall not meet in equal wealth with you ;
But jewels, chains, such as the war has given me,
A thousand ducats more in ready gold,
As rich clothes too as any he bears arms, lady,——

Esti. You are a gentleman, and fair, I see by you ;
And such a man I 'd rather take——

Per. 'Pray, do so :
I 'll have a priest o' the sudden.

Esti. And as suddenly
You will repent too.

Per. I 'll be hang'd or drown'd first,
By this and this, and this kiss.

Esti. You're a flatterer :
But I must say there was something when I saw you
first

In that most noble face, that stirr'd my fancy.

Per. Ah, sweet lady !—
I 'll send for all my trunks, and give up all to ye,
Into your own dispose, before I bed ye :
And then, sweet wench,——

Esti. You have the art to cozen me.

[*Exeunt. R.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *2^d 9th**Margarita's Country-House.**1*
Re-Enter ¹ALTEA, ²MARGARITA, ³VICTORIA, ⁴and ⁴ISABEL.*Mar.* COME in, and give me your opinions seriously.*Isa.* You say, you have a mind to marry, lady.*Mar.* 'Tis true, I have; for 't will preserve my credit:*+ to Isa.* And such a husband would I find as I
Can govern at my will, and still remain
The mistress of my fortune and myself,—One that will never pry into my pleasures:
For pleasure I must have.*Vic.* 'Tis fit you should have;

Your years require it, and 't is necessary.

Isa. But might not all this be, and keep ye single?

You take away variety in marriage;

~~The abundance of the pleasure you are barr'd then:~~
Is 't not abundance that you aim at?*Mar.* Yes, why was I made a woman?*Vic.* And every day a new?*Mar.* Why fair and young, but to use it?*Isa.* You 're still i' the right. Why would you marry then?*All.* Because a husband stops all doubts.*Vic.* What husband mean ye?*All.* A husband of an easy faith, a fool,
Made by her wealth, and moulded to her pleasure;
~~One, though he see himself become a monster,~~
~~Shall hold the door, and entertain the maker.~~*Vic.* You grant, there may be such a man?*Isa.* Yes, marry:—But how to bring 'em to this rare perfection?*Vic.* They must be chosen so, things of no honour,
Nor outward honesty.

1 N 2

R- { alta
 { magenta
 { victoria
 { swabul

~~X~~

R. { Perre
Man
Alonso
Sancho

2.

Mar. No, 't is no matter;

I care not what they are, so they be comely.

Vic. Methinks now, a rich lawyer; some such fellow,

That carries credit, and a face of awe.

Mar. No, there's no trusting them; they are too subtile;

The law has moulded 'em of natural mischief.

Isa. Then, some grave governor,
Some man of honour; yet an easy man.

Mar. If he have honour, I'm undone; I'll none such.

Alt. With search, and wit and labour, ~~to Mar.~~
I've found one out, a right one and a perfect.

Mar. Is he a gentleman?

Alt. Yes, and a soldier; but as gentle as you'd wish him,—

A handsome fellow, and that has good clothes,
If he knew how to wear 'em.

Mar. ~~Those I'll allow him;~~

~~They're for my credit.~~ Does he understand
But little?

Alt. Very little.

Mar. 'T is the better.

Have not the wars bred him up to anger?

Alt. No, he won't quarrel with a dog that bites him;

Let him be drunk or sober, he's one silence.

Mar. Is he so goodly a man, do you say?

Alt. As you shall see, lady;

But, to all this, he's but a trunk.

Mar. I'd have him so. ~~to Mar.~~ ~~Alt.~~ ~~to Mar.~~

Go, find me out this man, and let me see him:

If he be that motion that you tell me of,

And make no more noise, I shall entertain him.

Let him be here.

Alt. He shall attend your ladyship.

Exeunt MARGARITA, ISABEL, VICTORIA, and

ALTEA. L.

(M)

SCENE II. *1st 2^d 3^d 4^d**A Street.**Re- Enter* PEREZ, JUAN, ALONSO, and SANCHO.*Juan.* Why, thou 'rt not married indeed? *Who drops I.**Per.* No, no; 'pray think so.*Alas, I am a fellow of no reckoning,
Nor worth a lady's eye!**Alon.* Would'st steal a fortune,
And make none of all thy friends acquainted with it,
Nor bid us to thy wedding?*Per.* No, indeed:*There was no wisdom in 't, to bid an artist,
An old seducer, to a female banquet:
I can cut up my pie without your instructions.**Juan.* [*Aside to PEREZ.*] Was it the wench i' the veil?*Per.* [*Aside to JUAN.*] Basta,—'t was she.
The prettiest rogue that e'er you look'd upon,
The loving'st thief.*Juan.* And is she rich withall too?*Per.* A mine, a mine; there is no end of wealth,
colonel;*I am an ass, a bashful fool.—'Pr'ythee, colonel,
How do thy companies fill now?**Juan.* You 're merry, sir:*You intend a safer war at home belike now.**Per.* I do not think I shall fight much this year,
colonel;*I find myself given to my ease a little:
I care not if I sell my foolish company;
They 're things of hazard.**Alon.* How it angers me,*This fellow at first sight should win a lady,
A rich young wench!—**When shall we come to thy house and be freely
merry?**Per.* When I have manag'd her a little more;
I have a house to maintain an army.

3

L—Vasco

R— { Margarita
Victoria
Isabel

L— { Altea
Leon

3

> to Henry David Thoreau
June 8, 1841

San. If thy wife be fair, thou 'lt have few less
Come to thee.

Per. Where they 'll get entertainment, is the point, ~~*X to Sancho*~~
signior;

I beat no drum.—

May be, I 'll march, after a month or two, ~~*X back to Juan.*~~

To get a fresh stomach: I find, colonel,
A wantonness in wealth, methinks, I agree not with.

'T is such a trouble to be married too,
And have a thousand things of great importance,

Jewels, and plate, and fooleries molest me;

To have a man's brains whimsied with his wealth;

Before, I walk'd contentedly. *O*

L— Enter VASCO. running

Vas. Sir, sir,—

Per. Well, sir? ~~*X to Vasco*~~

Vas. My mistress, sir, is sick, because you 're
absent;

She mourns, and will not eat.

Per. Alas, my jewel!—

Come, I 'll go with thee.—

[Exit VASCO. L.]

Gentlemen, your fair leaves.—

You see, I 'm tied a little to my yoke;

'Pray, pardon me.—'Would ye had all such loving
wives!

[Exit PEREZ. L.]

Juan. I thank ye

For your old boots.—Never be blank, my friends,

Because this fellow has outstript your fortune:

Tell me ten days hence what he is, and how

The gracious state of matrimony stands with him!—

A R. Come, let's to dinner. When Margarita comes,

We 'll visit her: it may be then your fortune.

[Exeunt. R.]

*Juan
Sancho
Colonno*

Al

SCENE III.

*Margarita's Country-House. 2^d 3^d**R.* Enter MARGARITA, VICTORIA, ISABEL, and ALTEA. *L.**Mar.* Is he come?*Alt.* Yes, madam; he has been here this half hour.
I've question'd him of all that you can ask him,
And find him as fit, as you had made the man.*Mar.* Call him in, Altea.—*[Exit ALTEA. L.]**L.* Enter ALTEA and LEON.

A man of a comely countenance.

Is his mind so tame?

Alt. 'Pray, question him; and, if you find him
notFit for your purpose, shake him off; there's no
harm done.*Mar.* 'Pray ye, come this way.—*^*

Can ye love a young lady?—How he blushes!

Alt. Leave twirling of your hat, and hold your
head up,

And speak to the lady.

Leon. Yes, I think, I can:

I must be taught; I know not what it means, madam.

Mar. You shall be taught: And can you, when
she pleases,

Go ride abroad, and stay a week or two?

You shall have men and horses to attend ye,

And money in your purse.

Leon. Yes, I love riding;

And, when I am from home, I am so merry!—

Mar. Be as merry as you will. Can you as
handsomely,

When you are sent for back, come with obedience,

And do your duty to the lady loves you?

Leon. Yes, sure, I shall.

A Altea puts him by te margarita-

Δ
R- { Estifania - Paper.
 { Clara
L. - Priz.

4-

Mar. And, when you see her friends here,
Or noble kinsmen, can you entertain
Their servants in the cellar, and be busied,
And hold your peace, whate'er you see or hear?

Leon. 'T were fit I were hang'd else.

Mar. Come, salute me.

Leon. Ma'am!—

Mar. How the fool shakes! I will not eat you,
sir.

Can't you salute me?

Leon. Indeed, I know not;

But, if your ladyship will please to instruct me,
Sure I shall learn.

Mar. Come on then.

Leon. Come on then. [*Kisses her.*]

Mar. You shall then be instructed.

If I should be this lady that affects ye,—

Nay, say, I marry ye?—

Alt. Hark to the lady.

Mar. What money have ye?

Leon. None, madam; nor no friends:

I would do any thing to serve your ladyship.

Mar. You must not look to be my master, sir,
Nor talk i' the house as though you wore the breeches,—
No, nor command in any thing.

Leon. I will not.

Alas, I am not able; I've no wit, madam.

Mar. Nor do not labour to arrive at any;

'T will spoil your head. I take ye upon charity,
And like a servant ye must be unto me.—

Can you mark these?

Leon. Yes indeed, forsooth.

Mar. There is one thing,—

That if I take ye in, I put ye from me,
Utterly from me; you must not be saucy,
No, nor at any time familiar with me,
Scarce know me, when I call ye not.

Leon. I will not. Alas, I never knew myself
sufficiently.

Mar. Nor must not now.

Leon. I'll be a dog to please ye.

Mar. Indeed, you must fetch and carry as I appoint ye.

Leon. I were to blame else.

Mar. Kiss me again.— [*He kisses her.*]

If you see me

Kiss any other, twenty in an hour, sir,

You must not start, nor be offended.

Leon. No, if you kiss a thousand, I shall be contented;

It will the better teach me how to please ye.

Alt. I told ye, madam,—

Mar. 'Tis the man I wish'd for.—The less you speak—

Leon. I'll never speak again, madam,
But when you charge me; then I'll speak softly too.

Mar. Get me a priest; I'll wed him instantly.
But, when you're married, sir, you must wait on me;
And see ye observe my laws.

Leon. Else you shall hang me.

Mar. I'll give ye better clothes when you deserve 'em.—

Come in, and serve for witnesses. X R.

Isa. We shall, madam.

[*Exeunt ISABEL and VICTORIA.* R.]

Mar. And then, away to the city presently:
I'll to my new house and new company.

[*Exit MARGARITA.* R.]

Leon. A thousand crowns are thine; I'm a made man.

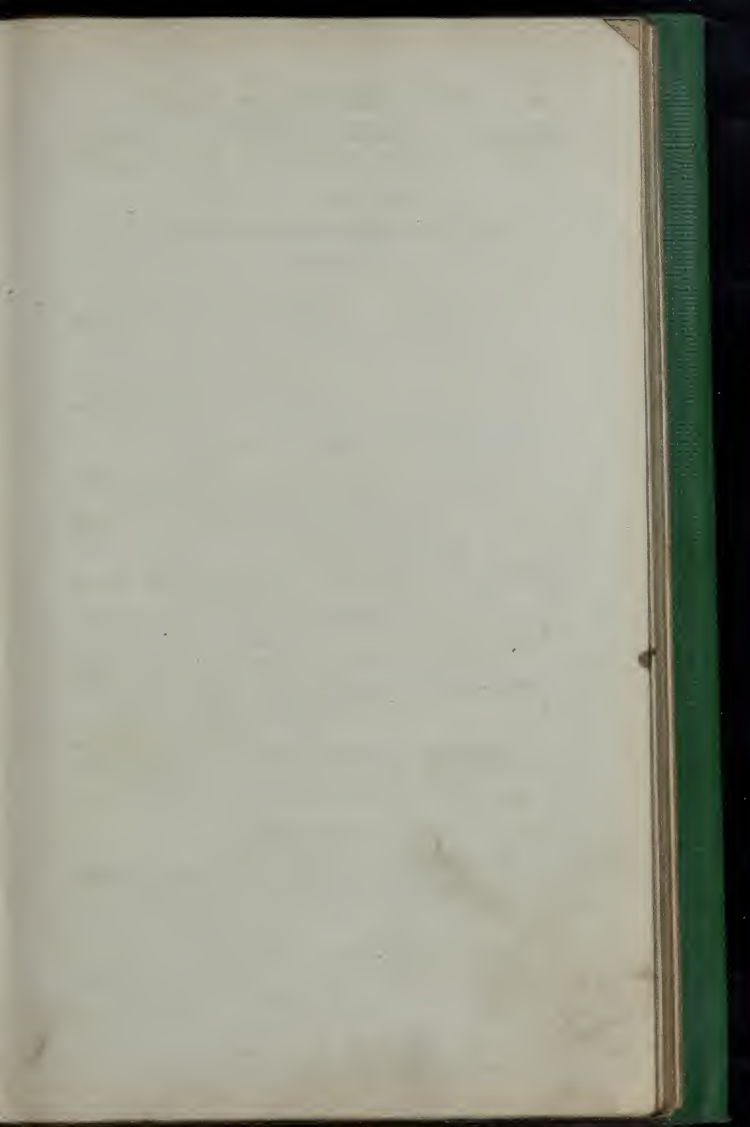
Alt. Do not break out too soon.

Leon. I know my time, wench.

R- *Mar.* [*Without.*] Come, sir, come.

[*Exeunt LEON and ALTEA.* R.]





2 Chairs.

Table
Covered with Plate

2 Chairs.

SCENE IV. *3rd 4.*

Margarita's Town-House.

N. Enter ESTIFANIA with a Paper, and CLARA. *2.*

Cla. What, have you caught him?

Esti. Yes.

Cla. And do you find him

A man of those hopes that you aim'd at?

Esti. Yes, too;

And the most kind man:

I find him rich too, Clara.

Cla. Hast thou married him?

Esti. What, dost thou think I fish without a bait, wench?

I bob for fools.—He's mine own: I have him.

I told thee what would tickle him like a trout,

And as I cast it, so I caught him daintily,

And all he has I've stow'd at my devotion.

Cla. Does your mistress know this? She's coming now to town,—

Now,—to live here,—in this house.

Esti. Let her come;

She shall be welcome; I'm prepar'd for her:

She's mad, sure, if she be angry at my fortune. *+ R.*

Cla. But dost thou love him?

Esti. Yes, entirely well,

As long as there he stays, and looks no further

Into my ends; but, when he doubts, I hate him;

And that wise hate will teach me how to cozen him.—

L.D. Enter PEREZ. *Clara calls*

O, here he is,—Now you shall see a kind man. *+ to Perez.*

Per. My Estifania, shall we to dinner, lamb?

I know, thou stay'st for me.

Esti. I cannot eat else.

Per. I never enter but, methinks, a paradise appears about me.

Esti. You're welcome to it, sir.

Per. I think, I have the sweetest seat in Spain,
wench;

Methinks, the richest too. We'll eat i' the garden
In one o' the arbours, there 't is cool and pleasant,
And have our wine cool'd in the running fountain.—
Who's that? *[Seeing Clara R. who curtseys.]*

Esti. A friend of mine, sir.

Per. Of what breeding?

Esti. A gentlewoman, sir.

Per. What business has she?

Is she a learned woman i' the mathematicks?

Can she tell fortunes?

Esti. More than I know, sir.

Per. Or has she e'er a letter from a kinswoman,
That must be deliver'd in my absence, wife?
Or comes she from the doctor to salute you,
And learn your health? She looks not like a con-
fessor.

Esti. What need all this? Why are you troubled,
sir?

What do you suspect? She cannot cuckold ye;
She is a woman, sir, a very woman.

Per. Your very woman may do very well, sir,
Towards the matter; for, though she cannot perform it
In her own person, she may do 't by proxy:
Your rarest jugglers work still by conspiracy.

Esti. 'Cry ye mercy, husband,—you are jealous
then,

And happily suspect me?

Per. No, indeed, wife.

Esti. Methinks, you should not, till you have more
cause,

And clearer too: I 'm sure, you 've heard say,
husband,

A woman forc'd will free herself through iron.

A happy, calm, and good wife, discontented,

May be taught tricks.

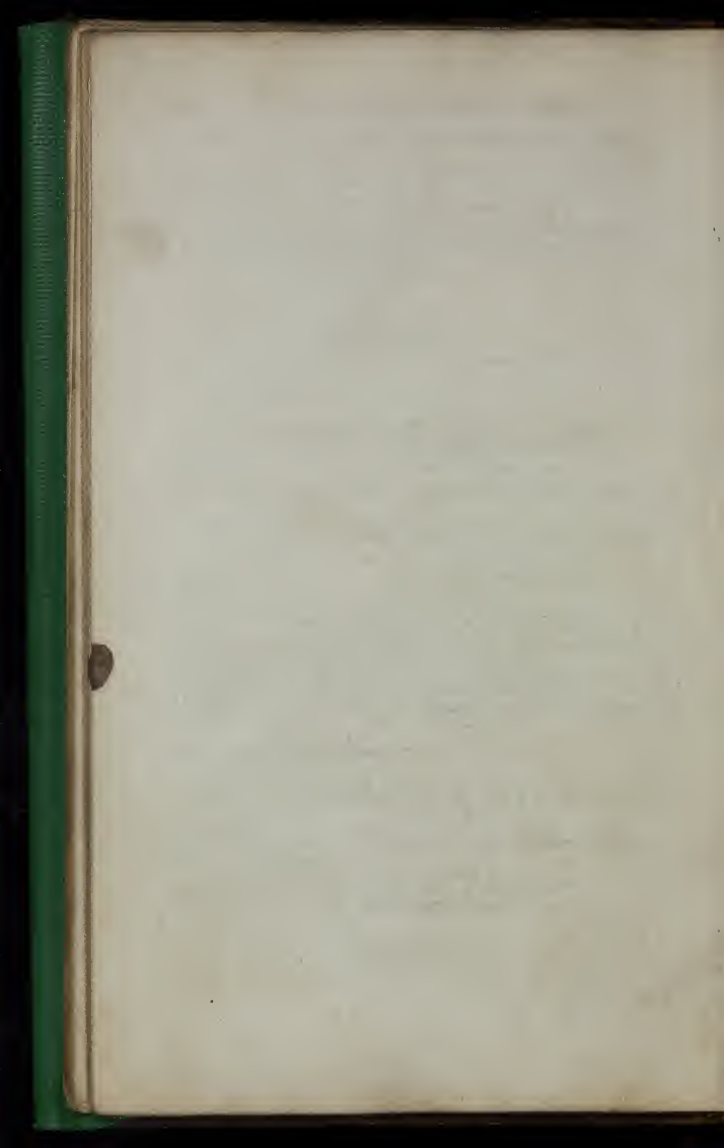
Per. No, no; I do but jest with ye.

Esti. To-morrow, friend, I'll see you. *[Having X^d with Clara to L.]*

Ready at the large knocker - I.

I am very glad to see you again
and hope you are well

5
—
I. — { Margarita
 { Leon — / Fan. /
 { Eliza
 { Victoria
 { Isabel
 { Ladies



Clara. I shall leave ye ~~L.X.~~

Till then; and 'pray all may go sweetly with ye.

[Exit CLARA. L.D.]

L.X.X.X. ————— [A Knocking at the Door.]

Esti. What knocking's that?—

L.X.X.X. ————— [A Knocking at the Door.]

Again?—Who's at the door?

Per. Who is that beats so loud at my great gate?
Is't for the king you come, ye knock so boisterously?
Look to the door. [Retires.] R.

L.D. Enter CLARA.

Clara. Your mistress, as I live,—your mistress come!
She's at the door: I pgep'd through; I saw her,
And a stately company of ladies with her.

[Exit CLARA. L.D.]

Esti. This was a week too soon: But I must meet
with her,

And set a new wheel going, and a subtile one,
Must blind this mighty Mars, or I am ruin'd.

L.X.X.X. ————— [Knocking at the Door.]

Per. [Advances.] What are they at the door?

Esti. Such, my Michael,

As you may bless the day they enter'd here,—
Such for our good.

Per. 'Tis well.

Esti. Nay, 't will be better,
If you will let me but dispose the business,
And be a stranger to 't, and not disturb me.
What have I now to do, but to advance your fortune?

Per. Do; I dare trust thee. I'm asham'd I was
angry;

I find thee a wise young wife.

Esti. [Aside.] I'll wise your worship,
Before I leave ye.—'Pray ye, walk by and say
nothing;

Only salute them, and leave the rest to me, sir.
I was born to make a man of ye.

[Exit ESTIFANIA. L.D.]

Per. The rogue speaks heartily ;
Her good-will colours in her cheeks. I'm born to
love her.

I must be gentle to these tender natures ;
A soldier's rude harsh words befit not ladies ;
Nor must we talk to them, as we talk to our officers.
I'll give her way ; for 't is for me she works now ;
I am husband, heir, and all she has. [^]
Ha ! Who are these ? I hate such flaunting things.—
A woman of rare presence ! excellent fair !—
This house is, sure, too big for a bordello,
Too open seated too.

¹ *[D.] Enter ESTIFANIA, MARGARITA, LEON, ² with ALTEA, ³ VICTORIA, ISABEL, and ² other Attendants.*

Esti. My husband, lady.

Mar. You've gain'd a proper man.

Per. Whate'er I am, I am your servant, lady.—

[Salutes her.] + L. D.

[Aside.] You've gain'd a proper man too. *+ P.*

[LEON, MARGARITA, and her Attendants retire. off R. U. E.]

Esti. *[Aside to PEREZ.]* Sir, be rul'd now,
And I shall make ye rich ! This is my cousin ;
That gentleman dotes on her, even to death ;
See how he observes her.

Per. She is a goodly woman.

Esti. She is a mirror :

But she is poor ; she were for a prince's side else.
This house she has brought him to, as to her own ;
And, presuming upon me, and on my courtesy,—
Conceive me short ; he knows not, but she's wealthy.

Per. Forward.—S' has a rare face.

[Exeunt LEON, MARGARITA, and her Attendants. Tho.]

Esti. This we must carry with discretion, husband,
And yield the house unto her for four days.

Per. Yield our house up ? our goods, and wealth ?

Esti. All this is but in seeming, ⁸
To milk the lover on.—Do you see this writing ?
Two hundred pounds a year, when they are married,

A.L.D. opens

x Leon does the same to Esti - then nods significantly -
- at Perez.

x Per - poor - um - poor devil -

x yes - my home

o He said he is not coming -

Will remove
the ~~old~~ ~~new~~ ~~or~~ the furniture
May while the use of the house is out
the furniture

Has she seal'd to for our good.—The time 's unfit
now;

I'll show it you to-morrow.

Per. All the house?

Esti. All, all; and we'll remove too, to confirm
him.

They'll into the country suddenly again
After they're match'd, and then she'll open to him.

Per. The whole possession, wife? Look what you
do:—

A part o' the house— *a back room up two pair of stairs.*

Esti. No, no; they shall have all,

And take their pleasure too: 't is for our 'vantage.

Why, what 's four days? Had you a sister, sir,

A niece or mistress, that requir'd this courtesy,

And should I make a scruple to do you good?

Per. If easily it would come back,—

Esti. I swear, as easily as it came on.

Per. Ay?

Esti. Ay.—

You give away no house.

Per. No?

Esti. No.

Per. O,——

Esti. I'll put the writings into your hand.

Per. Well then,—

Esti. And you shall keep them safe.

Per. I'm satisfied.

Esti. When she has married him,

So infinite his love is link'd unto her,

You, I, or any one that helps at this pinch,

May have—heaven knows what.

Per. I'll remove my trunks straight,
And take some poor house by.—'T is but for four
days? [*Going.*] *L.*

Esti. I have a poor old friend in the next street;
There we will lodge.

Per. [*Returns.*] But, Estifania,——

Esti. Go handsome off, and leave the house clear.

Per. But for four days.

Esti. Four days.—Begone, begone.—
That little stuff we'll use, shall follow after;
And a boy to guide ye.—Peace, and we are made
both.

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF ACT II.

A C T III.

SCENE I. *1st 2^d*

Margarita's Town-House.

R— Enter MARGARITA and ALTEA.

Alt. ARE you at ease now? is your heart at rest?

Mar. I am at peace, Altea:

If he continue but the same he shows,
And be a master of that ignorance
He outwardly professes, I am happy.

Alt. You're a made woman.

Mar. But, if he should prove now
A crafty and dissembling kind of husband,
One read in knavery, and brought up in the art
Of villany conceal'd,—

Alt. My life, an innocent.

Mar. That's it I aim at:

That's it I hope too; then, I'm sure I rule him.—
Are the rooms made ready
To entertain my friends?

Alt. They are, lady:

Your house is nothing now but various pleasures:
The gallants begin to gaze too.

Mar. Let 'em gaze on:

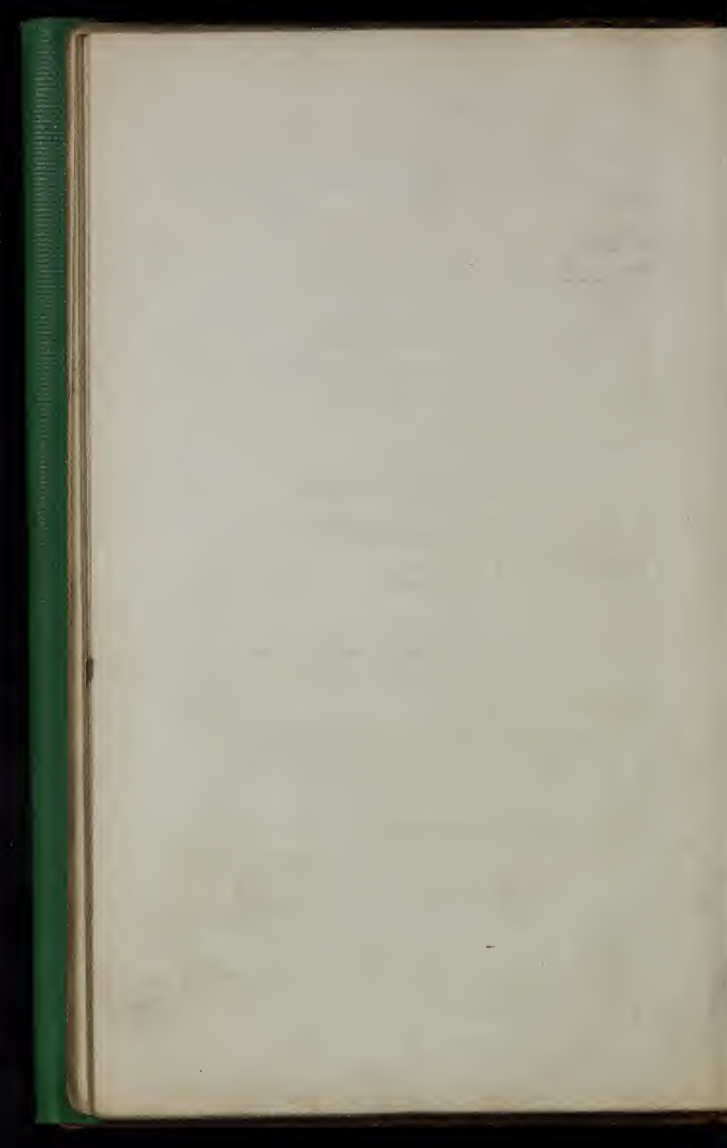
I was brought up a courtier, high and happy,
And company is my delight, and courtship,

Peru. L.D.
Espejo - Thro, L.

1
N- { Margarete
 Alta

+
Custodian up a

2.
L- { Lion — Again L.
 Lorenzo
L.D. { Isabel
 Victoria



And handsome servants at my will.—Where's my
good husband,

Where does he wait? ~~He~~

Alt. He knows his distance, madam:
I warrant ye, he's busy in the cellar
Among his fellow-servants; or asleep,
Till your command awake him.

Mar. 'Tis well, Altea;
It should be so: my ward I must preserve him.—
But look,—he's here.—
Who's sent for him? How dare he come uncall'd for?
His bonnet on too!

Alt. Sure, he sees you not.

Mar. How scornfully he looks!

L— Enter LEON and LORENZO.

Leon. Are all the chambers
Deck'd and adorn'd thus for my lady's pleasure?
New hangings every hour for entertainment,
And new plate bought, new jewels to give lustre?

Lor. They are; and yet there must be more and
richer:

It is her will.

Leon. Hum! is it so?—'Tis excellent.—
Is it her will too, to have feasts and banquets,
Revels and masques?

Lor. She ever lov'd 'em dearly:—
And we shall have the bravest house kept now!—
I must not call ye master, she has warn'd me;
Nor must not put my hat off to ye.

Leon. 'Tis no fashion:
What, though I be her husband, I'm your fellow.
I may cut first?

Lor. That's as you shall deserve, sir.

Leon. Sir, I thank you.

[Exit LORENZO. L.]

L. D— Enter ISABEL.

Isa. Madam, the Duke Medina, with some captains,
Will come to dinner: they have sent rare wine,
And their best services.

Mar. They shall be welcome:
See all be ready in the noblest fashion.—

[*Exit ISABEL. L.D.*]

What do you here?—Go in, and, till I call ye,
Be sure you be not seen. Dine with the gentle-
women,
And behave yourself handsome, sir; 't is for my
credit.

L.D. Enter VICTORIA.

Vic. Madam, the lady Julia—— *+ to Mary*

Leon. [*Aside.*] That's a bawd,
A three-pil'd bawd; bawd-major to the army.

Vic. Has brought her coach to wait upon your
ladyship,
And to be inform'd, if you will take the air this
morning.

Leon. [*Aside.*] The neat air of her nunnery.

Mar. Tell her, no; i' the afternoon I'll call on
her.

Vic. I will, madam.

[*Exit VICTORIA. L.D.*]

+ to Leon. *Mar.* Now,—why are you not gone, sir, as I bade
you?

Leon. 'Faith, madam, in my little understanding,
You'd better entertain your honest neighbours,
Your friends about ye, that may speak well of ye,
And give a worthy mention of your bounty.

Mar. How now?—What's this?

Leon. 'T is only to persuade ye,—
Courtiers are tickle things to deal withall,
A kind of march-pane men that will not last, madam;
An egg and pepper goes further than their potions,
And, in a well-knit body, a poor parsnip
Will play his prize above their strong potables.

Mar. The fellow's mad!

Leon. He that shall counsel ladies
That have both liquorish and ambitious eyes,
Is either mad or drunk, let him speak gospel.

Alt. [*Aside.*] He breaks out modestly.

Leon. 'Pray ye, be not angry,
My indiscretion has made bold to tell ye,
What ye'll find true.

Mar. Thou dar'st not talk?

Leon. Not much, madam:
I dare not be so bold as reason bids me.
You have a tie upon your servant's tongue:
'T-were fit there were a stronger on your temper.—
Ne'er look so stern upon me; I'm your husband.
But what are husbands? Read the new world's
wonders,

Such husbands does this monstrous world produce,
And you'll scarce find such strange deformities:
They're shadows to conceal your venial virtues;
Sails to your mills that grind with all occasions;
Balls that lie by you, to wash out your stains;
And bills nail'd up with horns before your doors,
To rent out wantonness.

Mar. Do you hear him talk?

Leon. I've done, madam.
An ox once spoke, as learned men deliver;
Shortly I shall be such; then I'll speak wonders:
Till when, I tie myself to my obedience.

[*Exit LEON. f.*]

Mar. First, I'll untie myself. Did you mark the
gentleman?

How boldly and how saucily he talk'd,
And how unlike the lump I took him for!—
This was your providence,
Your wisdom, to elect this gentleman,—
Your excellent forecast in the man,—your know-
ledge!—*/X and back again. /*

—What think ye now?

Alt. I think him an ass still:
This boldness some of your people have blown into
him,

This wisdom too, with strong wine; 't is a tyrant,
And a philosopher also, and finds out reasons.

Mar. I'll have my cellar lock'd, no school kept
there,

Nor no discovery. I'll turn my drunkards,
Such as are understanding in their draughts
And dispute learnedly the whys and wherefores,
To grass immediately. I'll keep all fools,
Sober or drunk, still fools, that shall know nothing:
Nothing belongs to mankind, but obedience;
And such a hand I'll keep over this husband. *+ R.*

Alt. He'll fall again: my life, he cries by this
time:

Keep him from drink; he has a high constitution.

L— Enter LEON.

Leon. Shall I wear my new clothes, madam?

Mar. No, your old clothes; *+ M.*

And get you into the country presently,
And see my hawks well train'd: you shall have
victuals,

Such as are fit for saucy palates, sir,

And lodgings with the hinds; it is too good too.

Leon. Good madam, be not so rough with
repentance.

Alt. You see now,—he's come round again.

Mar. I see not what I expect to see.

Leon. You shall see, madam; if it please your
ladyship.

Alt. He's humbled;

Forgive, good lady.

Mar. Well,—go, get you handsome,

And let me hear no more. *+ R.*

Leon. [*Aside.*] Have ye yet no feeling?

I'll pinch ye to the bones then, my proud lady.

[*Exit LEON. L.*]

Mar. See, you preserve him thus, upon my favour:

You know his temper; tie him to the grindstone;

The next rebellion I'll be rid of him.

I'll have no needy rascals I tie to me,

Dispute my life.—Come in, and see all handsome.

[*Exit MARGARITA. R.*]

Alt. I hope to see you so too, I've wrought ill
—else—

[*Exit. R.*]



3
~~X~~

Sin d Prie - Repl

R - Estigania

Leon dresses.

G. Common Table - Three legged stool R of it.
lighted candle. stick in a bottle.
Perez: Hat on table.

SCENE II. 3rd

A very mean Lodging-House.

Re of the table - PEREZ discovered, seated. *A. Smokey*

Per. Shall I never,

Never return to my own house again ?
We're lodg'd here in the miserablest dog-hole,—

A conjurer's circle gives content above it ;

A hawk's mew is a princely palace to it.

We have a bed no bigger than a basket,

And there ~~we~~ lie like butter clapt together,

And sweat ourselves to sauce immediately :

The fumes are infinite inhabit here ;

So various too, they'll pose a gold-finder.—

Never return to my own paradise ?—

Why, wife, I say,—why, Estifania !

Re Esti. [Without.] I'm coming presently.

— Per. Make haste, good jewel.—

I'm like the people that live in the sweet islands ;

I die, I die, if I stay but one day more here.

The inhabitants we have are two starv'd rats,—

For they're not able to maintain a cat here,—

And those appear as fearful as two devils :

They've eat a map o' the whole world up already ;

And, if we stay a night, we're gone for company.

There's an old woman, that's now grown to marble,

Dried in this brick-kiln, and she sits i' the chimney,

Which is but three tiles rais'd like a house of cards,

The true proportion of an old smok'd Sibyl :

There is a daughter too, that nature meant

For a maid-servant, but 't is now a monster ;

She has a husk about her like a chestnut,

With laziness, and living under the line here :

And these two make a hollow sound together,

Like frogs, or winds between two doors that murmur.

Mercy deliver me !—

Re— Enter ESTIFANIA.

O, are you come, wife ?—

Shall we be free again ?

A

Esti. I am now going;
And you shall presently to your own house, sir:
The remembrance of this small vexation
Will be argument of mirth for ever. + L.
By that time you have said your orisons
And broke your fast, I shall be back, and ready
To usher you to your old content, your freedom.

Per. Break my fast? Break my neck rather.
Is there any thing here to eat,
But one another, like a race of cannibals?
A piece of butter'd wall, you think, is excellent.—
Let's have our house again immediately:
And, 'pray ye, take heed unto the furniture,
None be embezzled.

Esti. Not a pin, I warrant ye. (Going L.)

Per. And let 'em instantly depart.

Esti. They shall both;—
There's reason in all courtesies;—
For, by this time, I know, she has acquainted him,
And has provided too: She sent me word, sir,
And will give over gratefully unto you. (Going L.)

Per. I will walk i' the church-yard;
The dead cannot offend more than these living.
An hour hence I'll expect ye.

Esti. I'll not fail, sir. (Going L.)

Per. And—do you hear?—let's have a handsome
dinner,

And see all things be decent as they have been.—
And let me have a strong bath to restore me;
I stink like a stale fish-shambles, or an oil-shop.

Esti. You shall have all:—[Aside.] which some
interpret, nothing.—

I'll send you people for the trunks aforehand.

Per. Let 'em be known and honest:
And do my service to your niece. *Convin*

Esti. I shall, sir. (Going L.)
But, if I come not at my hour, come thither,
That they may give you thanks for your fair courtesies:—
And, 'pray you, be brave, for my sake.

Per. I observe ye.

(H)

[Exeunt. L.]

Li

Li { Sancho
Cazafogo
Juan
Alonso

Perez takes his hat from table.

34

Perez R.
Eski - L.

5

R- { Perez — Money
Old Woman
Daughter

SCENE III.

A Street.

Salamanca.

1. 2. 3. 4.
Enter SANCHE, CACAFOGO, JUAN, and ALONSO.

Juan. Thou 'rt very brave.

Cacaf. I've reason, I have money.

San. Is money reason?

Cacaf. Yes, and rhyme too, captain :

If you've no money, you're an ass.

San. I thank ye.

Cacaf. Ye've manners: ever thank him that has money.

San. Wilt thou lend me any?

Cacaf. Not a farthing, captain.

Captains are casual things.

San. Why, so are all men: Thou shalt have my bond.

Cacaf. Nor bonds nor fetters, captain;

My money is mine own, I make no doubt on't.

Juan. What dost thou do with it?

Cacaf. Put it to pious uses;

Buy wine and wenches, and undo young coxcombs
 That would undo me.

Alon. Are you for the wars, sir?

Cacaf. I am not poor enough to be a soldier;

Nor have I faith enough to ward a bullet;

This is no lining for a trench, I take it.

Juan. Ye have said wisely.

Cacaf. Had you but my money,

You'd swear it, colonel; I had rather drill at home
 A hundred thousand crowns, and with more honour,
 Than exercise ten thousand fools with nothing:
 A wise man safely feeds, fools cut their fingers.

Alon. A right state usurer!—Why dost not marry,
 And live a reverend justice?

Cacaf. Is't not nobler

To command a reverend justice, than to be one?
 And for a wife,—What need I marry, captain,

When every courteous fool that owes me money,
Owes me his wife too, to appease my fury?

Juan. Wilt go to dinner with us?

Cacaf. I'll go, and view the pearl of Spain, the
orient

Fair one, the rich one too: and I shall be respected;
I bear my patent here: I'll talk to her;
And, when your captainships shall stand aloof
And pick your fingers, I will pick the purse
Of her affection.

Alon. The duke dines there to-day too,
The duke of Medina.

Cacaf. Let the king dine there,—
He owes me money, and so far 's my creature;
And certainly I may make bold with mine own,
captain.

San. Thou wilt eat monstrously.

Cacaf. Like a true-born Spaniard,
Eat, as I were in England where the beef grows;
And I will drink abundantly; and then—
Talk ye as wantonly as Ovid did.

Juan. If we should play now, you must supply me.

Cacaf. You must pawn a horse troop;
And then have at ye, colonel. *+ R.*

San. Come, let's go.—

This rascal will make rare sport: How the ladies
Will laugh at him!

Juan. If I light on him, I'll make his purse sweat
too.

Cacaf. Will ye lead, gentlemen?

[*Exeunt. R.*]

SCENE IV.

A very mean Lodging-House.

Door L. in flat.

*Enter PEREZ, dragging in an Old Woman and her
Daughter, crying clamorously.*

Per. Nay, 'pray ye, come out, and let me under-
stand ye;

Cacafozo
Sancho
Inan
Nov-20

⊕ They are about 40 years old high
when he stole them 100 miles
of forest

I have just received your letter of the 10th inst. and
am glad to hear from you.

And tune your pipe a little higher, lady :—
I'll hold ye fast :—How came my trunks open ?
And my goods gone ?

Old Wom. Ha !—What would ye have ?

Per. My goods again.—How came my trunks all open ?

Old Wom. Are your trunks all open ?

Per. Yes, and my clothes gone,
And chains and jewels.—How she smells like hung
beef!

Fy, how she belches the spirit of garlick !

Old Wom. Where's your gentlewoman ?
The young fair woman ?

Per. What's that to my question ?
She is my wife, and gone about my business.

Daugh. Is she your wife, sir ?

Per. Yes, sir.—Is that a wonder ?
Is the name of wife unknown here ?

Old Wom. Is she duly and truly your wife ?

Per. Duly and truly my wife ! I think so ;
For I married her : it was no vision sure.

Daugh. She has the keys, sir.

Per. I know, she has :—But who has all my goods,
spirit ?

Old Wom. If you be married to that gentlewoman,
You are a wretched man ; she has twenty husbands.

Per. The devil she has !

Daugh. She tells you true.

Old Wom. And she has cozen'd all, sir.

Per. The devil she has !—I had a fair house with
her,

That stands hard by, and furnish'd royally.

Old Wom. You are cozen'd too ; 't is none of hers,
good gentleman ;

It is a lady's.—What's the lady's name, wench ?

Daugh. The lady Margarita.—She was her servant,
And only kept the house.

Per. Plague o' the devil !—
I feel, I'm cozen'd.—

This is the very woman, sure,—that cousin

X L-
She told me would entreat, but for four days,
To make the house hers.—I 'm entreated sweetly!

Daugh. When she went out this morning,—that I
saw, sir,—

b
She had two women at the door attending,
And there she gave 'em things, and loaded 'em;
But, what they were—— I heard your trunks too
open;

If they be yours.

R.M. 73 *Per.* They were mine, while they were laden;
But, now they've cast their calves, they're not worth
owning.—

Was she her mistress, say you? *X C.*

Old Wom. Her own mistress,
Her very mistress, sir; and all you saw
About and in that house was hers:

Per. No plate,
No jewels, nor no hangings?

Daugh. Not a farthing:

She's poor, sir, a poor shifting thing.

Per. No money?

Old Wom. Abominable poor, as poor as we are; *^*
Money as rare to her, unless she steal it:
But for one single gown her lady gave her,
She might go bare, good gentlewoman.

Per. I'm mad now:

I think, I am as poor as she; I'm wide else:
One single suit I've left too, and that's all:
And if she steals that, she must slay me for it.
Where does she use?

Old Wom. You may find Truth as soon:
Alas, a thousand conceal'd corners, sir, she lurks in,
And here she gets a fleece, and there another,
And lives in mists and smokes where none can find
her.—

[Aside.] ~~I fear, he will knock my brains out for
lying.~~

Per. Is she a wanton too? *(Daughter modestly.)*

Old Wom. Little better, gentleman:
I dare not say she is so, sir; because

R. Mr. B.

b

<u>L.H.E.</u>	{	Snke
		Inan
		Alonso
		Sancho
		Calafogo

~ Perey - That's poor enough, Heaven knows -

7

R- { Margarita
Victoria
Isabel
Alta

L.D- Leon

Frank Scholz

Juan - ~~Lamelo~~ ^{Alonso} . Yaker - Sancho Calaposo

R.

L.

She's yours.—[*Aside.*] O, mercy o' me! this trick,
I fear,

Will cost me dear.—These five years she has ^{lived} ~~sat~~
~~A pretty living.~~ ^{by picking up.}

Per. She has ~~lived~~ ^{at} me finely.—

A jilt and thief? two excellent moral learnings
In one she-saint! I hope to see her legend.—
Have I been fear'd for my discoveries,
And been courted by all women to conceal 'em,—
Have I so long studied the art of this sex,
And read the warning to young gentlemen,—
Have I profess'd to tame the pride of ladies,
And am I trick'd now?

Caught in my own noose?—Here's a rial left yet;
There's for your lodging and your meat, old hag:
A silk-worm lives at a more plentiful ordinary,
And sleeps in a sweeter box.—

Farewell, great-grandmother!—[*Seizes her.*]

If I do find you were an accessary,—
'Tis but the cutting off two smoky minutes,—
I'll be the death of you.

[*PEREZ flings the Old Woman against her Daughter, —throws them both down,—and Exit. P.*]

Old Wom. O villain!—Murder! Murder!—

Villain! Rogue!—

Anna-Maria, child, where are you? Help me.

Daugh. [*Gets up, and raises her Mother.*] So:—Are
you hurt, mamma?

Old Wom. I'm kill'd!—My hip!

My shoulder!—Is this usage for the fair sex!

[*Exeunt. R.*]

SCENE V.

Margarita's Town-House.

+++ — *R. N. E.* — [*Musick.*] *From Orchestra*

28 [— *Enter the Duke of Medina, JUAN, ALONSO, SANCHE,*
and CACAFOGO. Through orchway

Duke. A goodly house.

Juan. And richly furnish'd too, sir.

Alon. I like the preparations,
 They intimate the mistress free and jovial :
 I love a house where pleasure prepares welcome.

Duke. Now, *Cacafogo*, how like you this mansion ?

'T were a brave pawn.

Cacaf. I shall be master of it ;

'T was built for my bulk : the rooms are wide and spacious,

Airy and full of ease, and that I love well :

I'll tell you, when I taste the wine, my lord,

And take the height of her table with my stomach,

How my affection stands to the young lady.

R. H. C. + + + ————— [*Musick.*]

R. U. S. Enter *MARGARITA, VICTORIA, ISABEL, and ALTEA.* *Thro' Arch.* *Mar.* All welcome to your grace, and to these

soldiers !

You honour my poor house with your fair presence :

Those few slight pleasures that inhabit here, sir,

I do beseech your grace command ; they're yours ;

Your servant but preserves 'em to delight ye.

Duke. I thank ye, lady.—I am bold to visit ye,

Once more to bless mine eyes with your sweet beauty :

'T has been a long night since you left the court ;

For, till I saw you now, no day broke to me.

Mar. Serve in the dinner. ²

San. She's most excellent !

Alon. Most admirable fair as e'er I look'd on.

Juan. I had rather command her than my regiment.

Cacaf. [*Aside.*] I'll have a fling ; 'tis but a thousand ducats,

Which I can cozen up again in ten days.

I am so virtuous now, I cannot speak to her :

The arrant'st shamefac'd ass ! I broil away too.—

Mar. Why, where's this dinner ?

I. D. Enter *LEON, richly dressed.*

Leon. 'T is not ready, madam :

△ Lake + to Margarita.

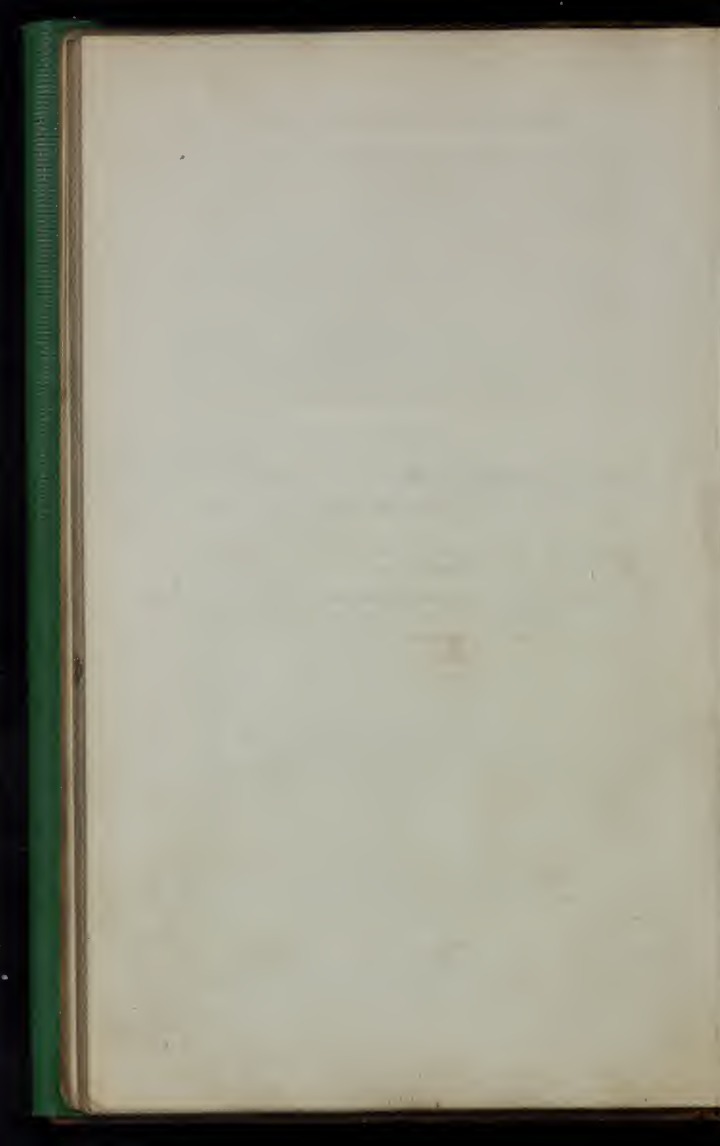
Isabel. Victoria. Alta

Margarita. Lake - from - Alonso - Senho. Caracas

R.

L.

△ The Lake & Margarita conf.



Nor shall not be, untill I know the guests too; *+ to Mary.*
Nor are they fairly welcome, till I bid 'em.

Juan. Is not this my Alferes? He looks another thing.

Are miracles afoot again?

Mar. Why, sirrah,—why sirrah, you,—

Leon. I hear you, saucy woman;

And, as you are my wife, command your absence:
And know your duty; 't is the crown of modesty.

Duke. Your wife? *on Leon's L.*

Leon. Yes, good my lord, I am her husband:
And, 'pray, take notice that I claim that honour,
And will maintain it.

Cacaf. If thou be'st her husband, *Leon's L.*
I am determin'd thou shalt be my cuckold; *para. 1.*
I'll be thy faithful friend.

Leon. Peace, dirt and dunghill!—
I will not lose mine anger on a rascal.
Provoke me more, I'll beat thy blown-up body,
Till thou rebound'st again like a tennis-ball.

Cacaf. I'll talk with you—another time.

[*Exit CACAFOGO. L.D.*]

Alon. This is miraculous.

San. Is this the fellow
That had the patience to become a fool?
I am astonish'd.

Mar. I'll be divorc'd immediately.

Leon. You shall not;
You shall not have so much will to be wicked.

I am more tender of your honour, lady,
And of your age.—You took me for a shadow,
You took me to gloss over your discredit,
To be your fool, you thought you'd found a coxcomb:

I'm innocent of any rudeness meant ye,
Only I will be known to be your lord now,
And be a fair one too, or I will fall for 't.

Mar. I do command ye from me,—thou poor fellow!

Thou cozen'd fool!

Leon. Thou cozen'd fool? It is not so:

I will not be commanded ; I'm above ye :
 You may divorce me from your favour, lady ;
 But from your 'state you never shall ; I'll hold that,
 And hold it to my use ; the law allows it :
 And then, maintain your wantonness ; I'll wink at it.

Mar. Am I brav'd thus in mine own house ?

Leon. 'T is mine, madam,—

You are deceiv'd,—I'm lord of it ; I rule it,
 And all that's in 't.
 Your house ? Why, you've nothing to do here,
 madam,

But as a servant to sweep clean the lodgings,
 And at my further will to do me service,—
 And so I'll keep it.

Mar. 'T is well.

Leon. It shall be better.

Mar. As you love me, give way.

Leon. I will give none, madam :

I stand upon the ground of mine own honour,
 And will maintain it : You shall know me now
 To be an understanding feeling man,
 And sensible of what a woman aims at ; [^]
 —A young proud woman, that has will to sail with ;
 A wanton woman, whom her blood provokes too :—
 I cast my cloud off, and appear myself,
 The master of this little piece of mischief :—
 And I will put a spell about your feet, lady,
 They shall not wander but where I give way now.

Duke. Is this the fellow that the people pointed at
 For the mere sign of man, the walking image ?
 He speaks wonderous highly.

Leon. As a husband ought, sir,
 In his own house, and it becomes me well too.
 I think, your grace would grieve, if you were put to 't,
 To have a wife or servant of your own,
 For wives are reckon'd in the rank of servants,
 Under your own roof to command ye.

Duke. Is there no difference betwixt her and you,
 sir ?

~~4~~
A Margarita + to L.H. & back again to R.

5 Margarita

5

L.D. - Periz.

Leon. Not now, my lord ; my fortune makes me even,—

And, as I am an honest man, I'm nobler.

Mar. I will abroad; and hear no more of this :—
Get me my coach.

Leon. Let me see who dares get it,
Till I command :—I'll make him draw your coach,
And eat your coach too, which will be hard diet,
That executes your will : or, take your coach, lady,
I give you liberty ; and take your people—
Which I turn off ; and take your will abroad with ye ;
Take all these freely, but take me no more ;
And so, farewell. *f. l.*

Duke. Nay, sir, you shall not carry it
So bravely off ; you shall not wrong a lady
In a high huffing strain, and think to bear it :
We stand not by as bawds to your brave fury,
To see a lady weep :—Draw, sir. [*Draws his Sword.*]

Leon. Put up, put up, my lord : This is oppression,
And calls the sword of justice to relieve me,
The law to lend her hand, the king to right me,
All which shall understand how you provoke me. (*Duke advances on Leon.*)
In mine own house to brave me ! Is this princely ?

[*The Duke advances on him.*]

Then to my guard,—[*Draws.*—and, if I spare your
grace,

And do not make this place your monument,
Too rich a tomb for such a rude behaviour,
Mercy forsake me !—

I have a cause will kill a thousand of ye.

Juan. Hold, fair sir, I beseech ye ;
The gentleman but pleads his own right nobly.

Leon. He that dares strike against the husband's
freedom,

The husband's curse stick to him, a tam'd cuckold !
Let him be lost, no eye to weep his end,
Nor find no earth that's base enough to bury him !—
Now, sir, fall on,—I'm ready ~~enough~~ to oppose ye.

Duke. I've better thought.—Use your wife well, I
pray.

Leon. Sir,

My own humanity will teach me that.—
And now—you're welcome all, and we'll to dinner:
This is my wedding-day. *+ to Mary.*

Duke. [*Aside.*] I'll cross your joy yet. [*Retires.*] *m*

Juan. I've seen a miracle.—Hold thine own, soldier!

Sure, they dare fight in fire that conquer women.

J. D. — Enter PEREZ, running in.

Per. 'Save ye!—Which is the lady of the house?

Leon. That's she, sir, that good-natur'd pretty lady,
If you'd speak with her.

on Perez's Juan. Don Michael,—

Per. 'Pray, do not know me; I am full of business:
When I've more time I will be merry with ye.—

Yes, that's she borrow'd my house for the four days,
It is the woman. *+ Good madam, tell me truly, + to Mary*
Had you a maid call'd Estifania?

Mar. Yes, truly, had I.

Per. Was she a maid, d' you think?

Mar. I dare not swear for her;

For she had but a scant fame.

Per. Was she your kinswoman?

Mar. Not that I ever knew.—Now I look better,
I think you married her: 'Give you much joy, sir.

Per. Give me a halter.

R.

[*JUAN, ALONSO, and SANCHE, observe PEREZ, and enjoy his perplexity.*]

Act

Mar. You may reclaim her; 't was a wild young girl.

Per. Is not this house mine, madam?

Was not she owner of it?

Mar. No, certainly: I'm sure, my money paid
for it;

And I ne'er remember yet I gave it you, sir.

Per. The hangings and the plate too?

Mar. All are mine, sir,

And every thing you see about the building:

She only kept my house when I was absent;

And so ill kept it, I was weary of her.

Per. Where is your maid?

Mar. Do not you know that have her?
She's yours now: Why should I look after her?
Since that first hour I came, I never saw her.

Per. I saw her later, would the devil had had her!—
It is all true I find.—A wild-fire take her } *+ between Juan*
Alon. and San. Ha! ha! ha! } *& Alonso*

Juan. Is thy wife with child, Don Michael? Thy
excellent wife?

Alon. and San. Ha! ha! ha!

Juan. Art thou a man yet?—[*Laughs aside.*] Ha!
ha! ha!

Alon. When shall we come and visit thee? Ha!
ha! ha!

San. And eat some rare fruit? Thou hast admi-
rable orchards. Ha! ha!—

You are so jealous now! Ha! ha! ha!

Per. 'Pr'ythee, leave fooling;
I'm in no humour now to fool and prattle.—

+ [To MARGARITA.] Did she—

Alon. and San. Ha! ha! ha!—

Per. 'Pray, gentlemen,—
Did she e'er play the wag with you?

Mar. Yes, many times:
So often that I was asham'd to keep her:
True, I forgave her, sir, in hopes she'd mend still;
But, had not you o'the instant married her,
I'd put her off.

Per. I thank ye.—I'm blest still:
Which way soe'er I turn, I'm a made man.
Miserably gull'd beyond recovery! [*Going.*] *between Juan*

Juan. You'll stay and dine, captain? } *& Alonso*

Per. Certain I cannot, captain.—
Hark in thine ear,—I am the arrant'st puppy!—

~~*Alon. and San.* Ha! ha!~~

Per. The miserablest ass!—

Alon. and San. Ha! ha! ha!

Per. But I must leave you:— *+ between Alon. & Sancho*

[ALONSO and SANCHE laugh at him, and strive to
hold him.]

I am in haste, in haste, ^{+f} Bless you, good madam!

And, if you prove as good as my wife,—

+ to Perez. Leon. What then, sir? [*The Duke advances to Margarita L.*]

Per. Why then,—No matter if

The devil had the one to fetch the other.

[*Exit PEREZ. L.D.*]

Leon. Will you walk in, sir? Will your grace
but honour me,

And taste our dinner? You are nobly welcome.

All anger's past, I hope; and I shall serve ye.

[*Musick.*] ~~Per. Exit~~ *On Stage*
[*Exeunt. R.*]

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

A Street. 1st q.

Enter PEREZ.

Per. I'LL to a conjurer, but I'll find this pole-cat.
A plague of veils, I cry,
And covers for the impudence of women!
Their sanctity in show will deceive devils.—
It is my evil angel:—let me bless me.

Enter ESTIFANIA.

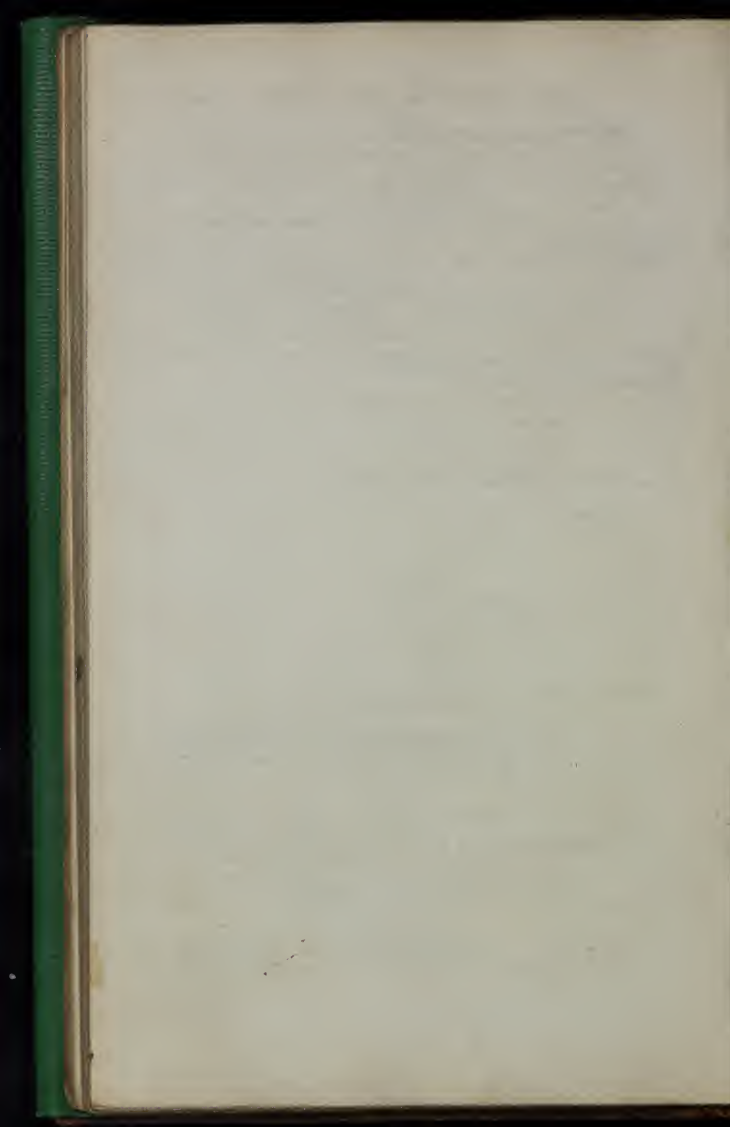
Esti. [*Aside.*] 'Tis he: I'm caught.—I must stand
to it stoutly,

And show no shake of fear. I see he's angry,
Vext at the uttermost.

Per. My worthy wife,
I have been looking of your modesty
All the town over.

Suke & Margarita
Inon - Isabel
Alonso - Victoria
Sancho - Althea
Leon.

1
L - Perez
N - Estefania - Casket



Esti. My most noble husband!—
I'm glad I've found ye; for, in truth, I'm weary,
Weary and lame, with looking out your lordship.

Per. I've been—

Esti. Where you should not, I've very little doubt.

Per. 'Pray ye, pardon me;—

To seek your ladyship, I've been at plays,
To look you out among the youthful actors;
At puppet-shows;—you're mistress of the motions;—
I was amongst the nuns, because you sing well;
But, they say, yours are wicked songs, and they
mourn for ye;

And last I went to church to seek you out;

'Tis so long since you were there, they have forgot
you.

Esti. You've had a pretty progress; I'll tell mine
now.

To look you out, I went to twenty taverns,—

Per. And are you sober?

Esti. Yes; I reel not yet, sir;—

Where I saw twenty drunk, most of 'em soldiers,
There I had great hope to find you disguis'd too:
From hence to the dicing-house, there I found quarrels
Needless and senseless, swords, pots and candlesticks,
Tables and stools, and all in one confusion,
And no man knew his friend: I left this chaos,
And to the surgeon's went; he will'd me stay;
For, says he learnedly, if he be tippled,
Twenty to one he ²⁵⁻³³⁻⁴⁴wenches; then I hear of him:

~~If he be mad, he quarrels; then he comes too:~~
I sought ye where no safe thing would have ventur'd;
For I remember'd your old Roman axiom,
The more the danger, still the more the honour:
Last, to your confessor I came, who told me,
You were too proud to pray: and here I've found ye.

Per. [*Aside.*] She bears up bravely, and the rogue
is witty;

But I shall dash it instantly to nothing.—

Here leave we off our wanton languages,

And now conclude we in a sharper tongue.

Why am I cozen'd?

Esti. Why am I abus'd?

Per. Thou most vile, base, abominable,—

Esti. Captain.

Per. Thou subtle, cheating, incorrigible,—

Esti. Captain.

Per. Do you echo me?

Esti. Yes, sir;—and go before ye, *+ L.*

+ behind And round about ye.—Why do you rail at me

R.

For that was your own sin, your own knavery?

Per. And brave me too? (*Lays his hand on his sword*)

Esti. You'd best now draw your sword, captain!

Draw it upon a woman; do, brave captain;

Upon your wife. O, most renowned captain!

Per. A plague upon thee, answer me directly:

Why didst thou marry me?

Esti. To be my husband;

I thought you had had infinite; but I'm cozen'd.

Per. Why didst thou flatter me, and show me
wonders,—

A house and riches,—when they are but shadows?

Shadows to me!

Esti. Why did you work on me

With your strong soldier's wit? and swore you'd
bring me

So much in chains, so much in jewels, husband,

So much in right rich clothes?

Per. Thou hast 'em, rascal;—

I gave 'em to thy hands, my trunks and all,

And thou hast open'd them, and sold my treasure.

Esti. [*Takes out a Casket.*] Sir, there's your treasure: sell it to a tinker

To mend old kettles.—Is this noble usage?—

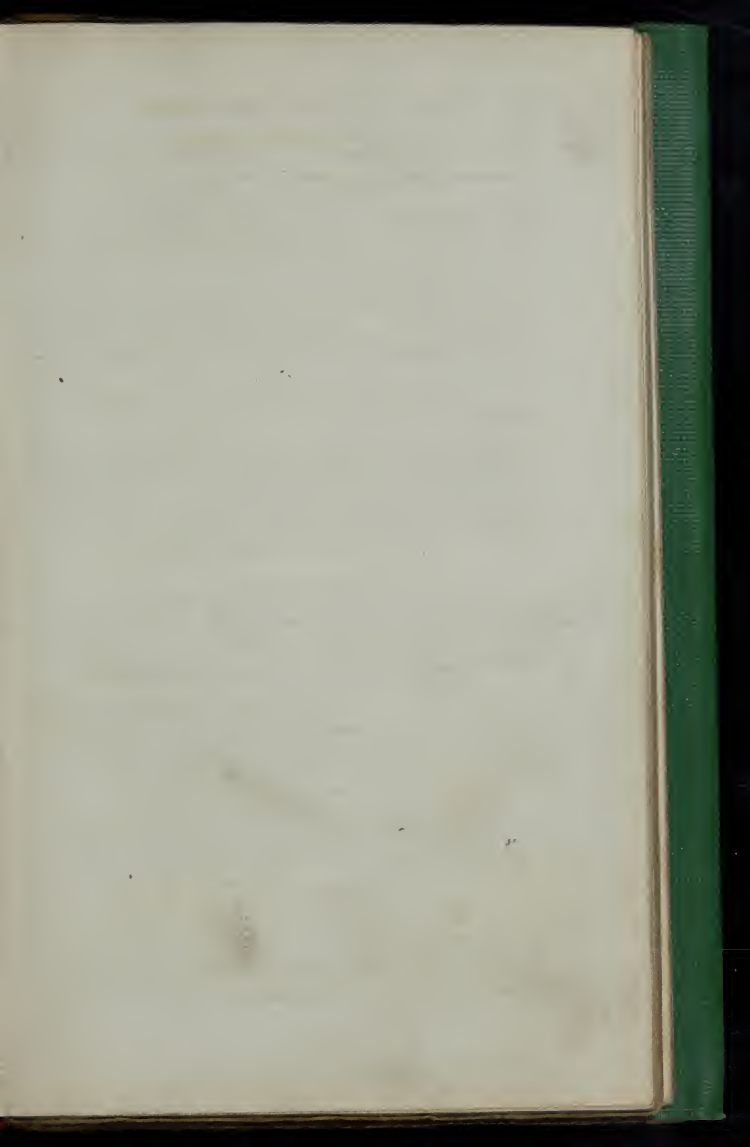
Let all the world view here the captain's treasure!

A man would think now these were worthy matters:

Here's a shoeing-horn chain gilt over;—How it
scentelh,

Worse than the dirty mouldy heel it serv'd for!

And here's another of a lesser value,



2.
R Cacao/50

* Percy no running fountains to cool the wine!

Est. nor no wine to cool in the running fountains

* no 24 fountains in 1860

→ 24 fountains

So little, I would-shame to tie-my monkey in't.
These are my jointure! Blush, and save a labour;
Or these else will blush for ye.

2.

Per. [*Aside.*] A fire subtle ye! Are ye so crafty?

Esti. Here's a goodly jewel!

Did not you win this at Goletta, captain?
Or took it in the field from some brave bashaw?
See how it sparkles!—like an old lady's eyes.

Per. 'Pr'ythee, leave prating.

Esti. And here's a chain of whittings' eyes for
pearls!

A muscle-monger would have made a better.

Per. Nay, 'pr'ythee, wife,—My clothes, my clothes!

Esti. I'll tell ye,

Your clothes are parallels to these, all counterfeit.
Put these and them on, you're a man of copper:
A copper, copper captain! Those you thought
To 've cozen'd me withall; but I am quit with you.

Per. Is there no house then?

Esti. No.

Per. Nor no grounds about it?

Esti. No.

Per. No hangings?

Esti. No. *etc. he hangs the house*

Per. Nor plate?

Esti. No, no;—no, no;—

There are none, sweet husband:

Shadow for shadow is but equal justice.

+ *Per.* [*Sings.*] Tee ty tum ty, &c.

Esti. [*Sings.*] Tee ty tum ty, &c.

Can you rail now?—Pray, put your fury up, sir,
And speak great words; you are a soldier,—thunder!

Per. I will speak little: I have play'd the fool,
And so I am rewarded.

Esti. You have spoke well, sir;

And, now I see you're so conformable,

I'll heighten you again:—Go to your house:

They're packing to be gone; you must sup there:

I'll meet you, and bring clothes and clean things
after,

And all things shall be well.—[*Aside.*] I'll colt you
once more,

And teach you to bring copper.

Per. Tell me one thing,

And tell me truth, wife;—Art thou truly honest?

The beldam swore—

Esti. I bid her tell you so, sir;

It was my plot: alas, my credulous husband!

The lady told you too—

Per. Most strange things of thee.

Esti. Still 't was my way, and all to try your
sufferance:—

And she denied the house—?

Per. She knew me not;

No, nor no title that I had.

Esti. 'T was well carried.—

No more;—I'm right and virtuous.

Per. I would believe thee:—

[*Aside.*] But heaven knows how my heart is.—Will
ye follow me?

Esti. I'll be there straight. #

Per. [*Aside.*] I'm fool'd; yet dare not find it.

[*Exit PEREZ.* ~~XL~~]

Esti. Go, silly fool! Thou may'st be a good
soldier

In open fields; but to a woman's wit

'Thou art an ass.— [*Cacafogo heard without R.*]

Here comes another trout that I must tickle,

And tickle daintily, I've lost my end else.—

~~R~~ Enter CACAFOGO.

May I crave your leave, sir?

Cacaf. 'Pr'ythee, be answer'd, thou shalt crave no
leave; + ~~XL~~.

I'm in my meditations; do not vex me.—

A beaten thing! but this hour a most bruised thing,
That people had compassion on!—

I have a mind to make him a huge monster;

And money may do much.—A thousand ducats!—

'T is but the letting blood of a rank-heir,

will you please
send me
before my return

Yr. honest son

..

3 4 4

R- { Sancho
Man 2e
Sale - Commission
aloro

Esti. 'Pray you, hear me.

Cacaf. I know, thou hast some wedding-ring to pawn now

Of silver gilt, with a blind posy in 't;

Or thy child's whistle, or thy squirrel's chain.

I'll none of 'em.—*[Aside.]* I would she did not know me!

Or 'would this fellow had but use of money,
That I might come in any way!

Esti. I'm gone, sir;

And I shall tell the beauty sent me to ye,
The lady Margarita——

Cacaf. Stay, I pr'ythee: What is thy will? I turn me wholly to ye;

And talk now till thy tongue ake, I will hear ye.

Esti. She will entreat you, sir,—

Cacaf. She shall command, sir:—

Let it be so, 'beseech thee, my sweet gentlewoman.

Esti. She does command then

This courtesy; because she knows you're noble,—

Cacaf. Your mistress, by the way?

Esti. My natural mistress;—

Upon these jewels, sir,—they're fair and rich;

And, view 'em, right;—

Cacaf. To doubt 'em, is a heresy. (*Takes the Jewels.*)

Esti. A thousand ducats; and upon necessity
Of present use:—Her husband, sir, is stubborn.

Cacaf. Long may he be so!

Esti. She desires withall

A better knowledge of your parts and person;

And, when you please to do her so much honour,—

Cacaf. Come, let's despatch. *[Going.]* L.

Esti. In truth, I've heard her say,

Of a fat man, she has not seen a sweeter.—

But in this business, sir,—

Cacaf. Let's do it first, *[Going.]* L.

And then dispute; the lady's use may long for 't.

Esti. All secrecy she would desire: She told me,
How wise you are.

Cacaf. We are not wise to talk thus:—*[Going.]* L.

I'll look her out a jewel
 Shall sparkle like her eyes,—and thee another.—
 Come, 'pr'ythee, come; I long to serve the lady,
 Long monstrosly.—Now, valour, I shall meet ye,
 You that dare dukes.—Come, come.

[Exit CACAFOGO. *f.*]

Esti. Green goose, you're now in sippets.

[Exit. *f.*]

SCENE II. *1-2-3-4-5*

A Room in the Duke's Palace.

Juan
R— Enter SANCHO, *the Duke with a Paper in his hand,*
 JUAN, and ALONSO.

Duke. He shall not have his will; I shall prevent him.

I have a toy here that will turn the tide,
 And suddenly, and strangely:—Here, Don Juan,
 Do you go carry 't to him. [*Gives JUAN a Paper.*]

Juan. I'm commanded, *but you'll find I must—*

[Exit JUAN. *f.*]

Duke. A fellow, founded out of charity,
 Contemn his maker!
 Curb the free hand that fram'd him!
 This must not be.

R Alon. That such an oyster-shell should hold a pearl,

And of so rare a price, in prison!—

L San. We're gull'd all;
 And all the world will grumble at your patience,
 If she be ravish'd thus.

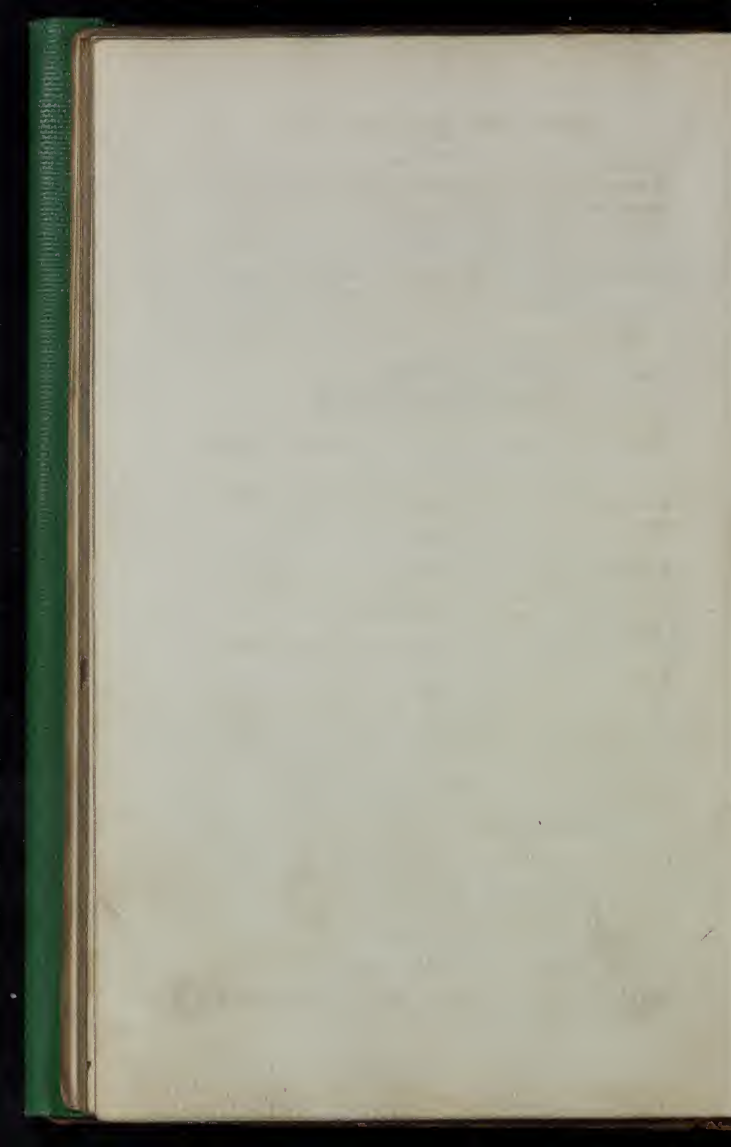
Duke. Ne'er fear it, Sancho,
 We'll have her free again, and move at court
 In her clear orb. But one sweet handsomeness
 To bless this part of Spain, and have that slubber'd!

Alon. 'Tis every good man's cause, and we must stir in 't.

Duke. I'll warrant ye, he shall be glad to please us.

L

L - { Leon - the commission
 { Juan
 { Diego
 { Lorenzo - again } opinion on
 Hammer
 { Margarete - The Commission.
R - { Althea
 { Two Ladies



We shall hear anon
A new song from him, do but wait a little.
Come, let's go see how my plot takes with him.

[Exeunt. ^{1.}

SCENE III.

Margarita's Town-House.

*Take
Sancho
Lor 20*

[^{1.}— Enter LEON with a Paper in his hand, and ^{2.}JUAN.

Leon. Colonel, I'm bound to you for this nobleness:

I should have been your officer, 't is true, sir,
And a proud man I should have been to've serv'd you:

'T has pleas'd the king, out of his boundless favours,
To make me your companion; this commission
Gives me a troop of horse.

Juan. I rejoice at it,
And am a glad man we shall gain your company;
I'm sure, the king knows you are newly married,
And out of that respect gives you more time, sir.

Leon. Within four days I'm gone, so he commands me,

And 't is not mannerly for me to argue it;
The time grows shorter still: Are your goods ready?

Juan. They are aboard.

+ [^{1.}— Leon: Who waits there?

Lor. [Without.] Sir,—

Leon. Do you hear, ho?—

[^{1.}— Enter DIEGO and ^{2.}LORENZO.

Go, carry this unto your mistress, sir;

[Gives DIEGO the Commission.]

And let her see how much the king has honour'd me:
Bid her be lusty, she must make a soldier.

+ *behind* [Exit DIEGO. *R.*

Go you, Lorenzo, take down all the hangings,
And pack up all my clothes, my plate and jewels,
And all the furniture that's portable.—

Sir, when we lie in garrison, 't is necessary
We keep a handsome port, for the king's honour.—
And—do you hear, Lorenzo?—let all your lady's
wardrobe

Be safely plac'd in trunks; they must along too.

Lor. Whither must they go, sir?

Leon. To the wars, Lorenzo.

Lor. Must my mistress go, sir?

Leon. Ay, ay; your mistress, you and all, must
go:

I'll not leave a turnspit behind me. *+ R.*

Lor. Why Pedro, Vasco, Diego!—help boys, help!

[Exit LORENZO. *L.*

Juan. [*Aside.*] He's taken a brave way to save
his honour,

And cross the duke; now I shall love him dearly.—
By the life of credit, thou'rt a noble gentleman.

[Exit JUAN. *L. D.*

*R— Enter MARGARITA, with the Commission in her hand,
attended by two Ladies, and ALTEA.*

5

Leon. Why how now, wife? what, sick at my
preferment?

This is not kindly done.

Mar. No sooner love ye,

Love ye entirely, sir,—brought to consider

The goodness of your mind and mine own duty,—

But lose you instantly, be divorc'd from ye!

This is a cruelty: I'll to the king

And tell him, 't is unjust to part two souls,

Two minds, so nearly mix'd.

Leon. By no means, sweet heart.

Mar. If he were married but four days, as I am,—

Leon. [*Aside.*] He'd hang himself the fifth, or fly
his country.

Mar. He'd make it treason for that tongue that
durst

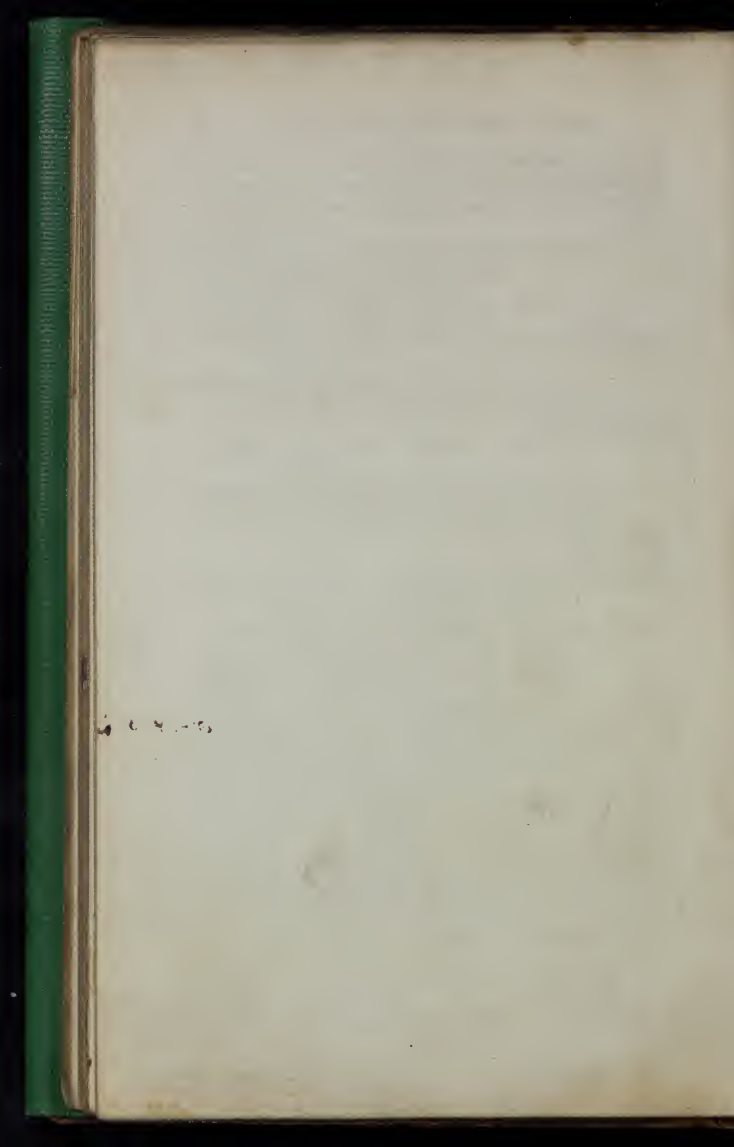
But talk of war, or any thing to vex him:

You shall not go.

Leon. Indeed I must, sweet wife:

Hammer ready L. H

5
Ink
L.D. - { Above
Sawto
In an



What, should I lose the king for a few kisses?
We'll have enough.

Mar. I'll to the duke my cousin; he shall to the king,—

Leon. He did me this great office,
I thank his grace for't: Should I pray him now
T' undo 't again? fy, 'twere a base discredit.

Mar. Would I were able, sir, to bear you company,
How willing should I be then, and how merry!
I shall not live alone.

Leon. [*Aside.*] I don't intend you shall. *Be in peace you*

[+ + + Hammering without.] ~~Shall not~~

Mar. What knocking's this?—O heaven, my
head!—

Why, rascals!—

I think, the war's begun i' the house already.

Leon. The preparation is, they're taking down
And packing up the hangings, plate and jewels,
And all those furnitures that shall besit me
When I lie in garrison.

[— Enter LORENZO, in a great hurry.]

Lor. Must the coach go too, sir?

Leon. How will your lady pass to the sea else
easily?

We shall find shipping for't there to transport it.

Lor. Here,—quick, boys, quick,—the coach.

[Exit LORENZO.]

Mar. I go? alas!

Leon. I'll have a main care of ye:

I know ye're sickly, he shall drive the easier,
And all accommodation shall attend ye.

Mar. 'Would I were able!

Leon. Come, I warrant ye:

Am not I with ye, sweet?—Arc her clothes pack'd
up

And all her linens?—Give your maids direction:

You know, my time's but short, and I'm com-
manded.

Mar. Let me have a nurse,

And all such necessary people with me ;—

An easy bark,—

6

Leon. It shall not trot, I warrant ye ;

Curvet it may sometimes.

Mar. 'Faith, let me stay ; I shall but shame ye, sir.

Leon. An you were a thousand shames, you shall
along with me ;

At home, I 'm sure, you 'll prove a million.

Every man carries the bundle of his sins

Upon his own back ; you are mine, I 'll sweat for ye.

[+ + +]

[*Hammering without.*]

L.D. Enter Duke, ALONSO, SANCHE, and JUAN.

Duke. What, sir, preparing for your noble
journey ?

'T is well, and full of care.

I saw your mind was wedded to the war,

And knew you 'd prove some good man for your
country ;

Therefore, fair cousin, with your gentle pardon,

I got this place. What, mourn at his advancement ?

You are to blame : He 'll come again, sweet cousin ;

Mean time, like sad Penelope and sage,

Among your maids at home, and huswifely,—

Leon. No, sir ; I dare not leave her to that
solitariness ;

She 's young, and grief or ill news from those
quarters

May daily cross her : She shall go along, sir.

Duke. By no means, captain.

Leon. By all means, an 't please ye.

Duke. What, take a young and tender-bodied lady,
And expose her to those dangers, and those tu-
mults !—

A sickly lady too !—

Leon. 'T will make her well, sir ;

There 's no such friend to health as wholesome travel,

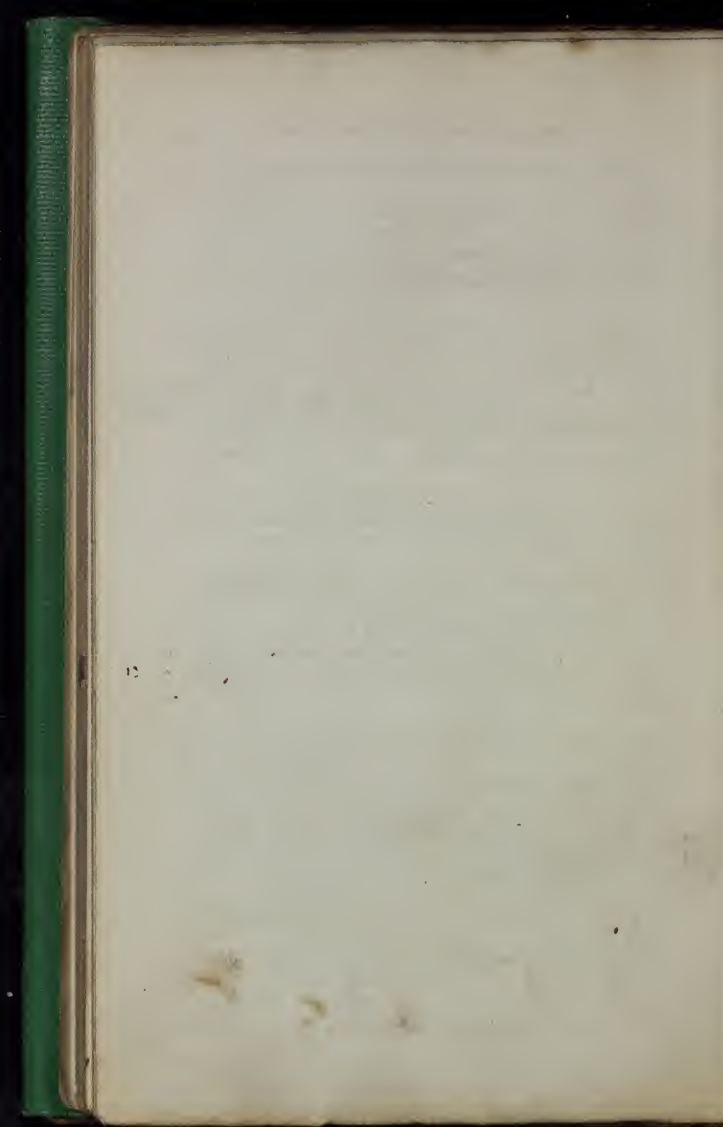
San. Away, it must not be.

Alon. It ought not, sir.

Go hurry her ! It is not human, captain.

6

S.D. - Perez



Duke. I cannot blame her tears.—Fright her with tempests!

With thunder of the war!—

I dare swear, if she were able,—

Leon. She's most able;

And 'pray ye, swear not: She must go; there's no remedy:

Nor greatness, nor the trick you had to part us,
Which smells too rank, too open, too evident,
Shall hinder me: Had she but ten hours life,
Nay less, but two hours, I would have her with me:
I would not leave her fame to so much-ruin,
To such a desolation and discredit, as
Her weakness and your hot will would work her to.

Fy, fy! for shame! *The Duke retires angrily. M.*

++++ [Hammering without.]

Per. [*Without.*] Holla! holla! What are you all about?

Leon. What masque is this now?

More tropes and figures to abuse my sufferance! *Wise. /*

Ed- Enter PEREZ.

Juan. Michael Van Owl, how dost thou?
In what dark barn, or tod of aged ivy,
Hast thou lain hid?

stop knocking

Per. Things must both ebb and flow, colonel;
And people must conceal, and shine again.

You're welcome hither, as your friend may say,

gentlemen: *+ between Alon & Sancho*

A pretty house, ye see, handsomely seated,
Sweet and convenient walks, the waters crystal.

walks away. M.

Alon. He's certain mad.

Juan. As mad as a French tailor, that
Has nothing in his head but ends of fustians.

to Mary- Per. I see, you're packing now, my gentle cousin,
And my wife told me I should find it so;

'Tis true, I do.—You were merry when I was last
here;

But 't was your will to try my patience, madam.
I'm sorry that my swift occasions

Can let you take your pleasure here no longer ;
Yet I would have you think, my honour'd cousin,
This house and all I have, are all your servants.

Leon. What house ? what pleasure, sir ? What do
you mean ?

Per. You hold the jest so stiff, 't will prove dis-
courteous :

This house I mean, the pleasures of this place.

Leon. And what of this ?

Per. They're mine, sir, and you know it ;
My wife's I mean, and so conferr'd upon me.

[+ + + ——— [Hammering without.] ——— The door]

The hangings, sir, I must entreat your servants,
That are so busy in their offices,
Again to minister to their right uses :

I shall take view o' the plate anon, and furnitures
That are of under place.

Leon. Ha, ha, ha !

Per. Ha, ha, ha !—You're merry still, cousin,
And of a pleasant constitution :

Men of great fortunes make their mirths *ad placitum*. A

Leon. 'Pr'ythee, good stubborn wife, tell me
directly,—

Good evil wife, leave fooling, and tell me honestly,
Is this my kinsman ?

Mar. I can tell ye nothing.

Leon. I've many kinsmen ;—but so mad a one,
And so fantastick,—All the house ?

Per. All mine, A
And all within it : I'll not bate ye an' ace on 't.

Can't you receive a noble courtesy,

And quietly and handsomely as ye ought, coz,
But you must ride o' the top on 't ?

Leon. Canst thou fight ?

Per. I'll tell thee presently : A I could have done, sir.

Juan. Away, no quarrels. B

Leon. Now I am more temperate.

I'll have it prov'd, you were ne'er yet in Bedlam ;
Never in love, for that's a lunacy ;
No great 'state left ye, that ye never look'd for,

Stop
Knocking

R. A. B.

A Walks away M Singing

1/2 Comes to Leon on L

3 + towards L. drawing his sword

4 Between Leon & Perz.

A. Take advance at Leon's L.

1870

Nor cannot manage, that's a rank distemper;
That you were christen'd, and who answer'd for ye,
And then I yield.—Do but look at him. (*All laugh.*)

Per. He has half persuaded me I was bred i' the
moon:

I've ne'er a bush at my ~~back~~ ^{back}—Are n't we both
mad?

And is not this a fantastick house we are in?
And all a dream we do?—Will ye walk out, sir?
And if I do not beat thee presently
Into as sound belief, as sense can give thee,
Brick me into that wall there for a chimney-piece,
And say, I was one o' the Cæsars done by a scal-
latter.

Leon. I'll talk no more.—[*To MARGARITA.*] Come,
we'll away immediately.

Mar. Why then, the house is his, and all that's in
it;—

[*Aside.*] I'll give away my skin but I'll undo ye;—
I gave it to his wife: you must restore, sir,
And make a new provision.

x to Leon. *Per.* Am I mad now,

Or am I christen'd? You, my pagan cousin,
My mighty mahound kinsman, what quirk now?—
You shall be welcome all: I hope to see, sir,
Your grace here;—and you, coz;—we are all soldiers,
And must do naturally for one another:—*+ to Leon & Sam*
You're welcome, gentlemen,—you're very welcome.

Duke. Are ye blank at this? Then I must tell ye,
sir,

Ye've no command; now you may go at pleasure
And ride your ass troop. 'T was a trick I us'd,
To try your jealousy.

Leon. All this not moves me,

Nor stirs my gall, nor alters my affections:
You have more furniture, more houses, lady,
And rich ones too; I will make bold with those:
And you have land i' the Indies, as I take it;
Thither we'll go, and view awhile those climates,

Visit your factors there, that may betray ye.

'T is done; you must go.

Mar. Now, thou'rt a brave gentleman,
And, by this sacred light, I love thee dearly.—

[*To PEREZ.*] Hark ye, sir,—

Per. Yes, ma'am;—*[Runs to her (sucking an Orange)]*—

Mar. This house is none of yours; I did but jest,
sir;

You are no coz of mine: 'beseech ye, vanish.

Leon. Good morrow, my sweet mahound cousin!—

You are welcome,—welcome all,—my cousin too:

We are all soldiers,

And must do naturally for one another.

Per. By this hand she dies for't, *[Going, L.]*

Or any man that speaks for her.

Juan, Alon. San. Ha, ha, ha!—

[*Exit PEREZ, L. D.*]

Mar. Let me request you, stay but one poor month;

You shall have a commission, and I'll go too:

Give me but will so far.

Leon. Well, I will do't.—

Come, and give orders for your easy voyage.

[*Going with MARGARITA.*] *R.*

Good-morrow to your grace:—

[*To the Duke who, with his Friends, is following.*]

We've private business:—

There lies your way, sir,—there.

[*Exeunt. L.*]

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I. *2^d E.*

A Street.

Enter PEREZ.

Per. HAD I but lungs enough to bawl sufficiently,
That all the queans in Christendom might hear me,
That men might run away from the contagion,

(Which has been taken off the sideboard -)

S. to G. D^t

Leon & Mary. R.

Suke. G. — L. D

1

L. — Perez. Again R.

R. — Calafoto — Casket

2.

L- Estefania - Pistol Spruce

I had my wish ! 'Would it were made high treason,
Most infinite high, for any man to marry !
I mean, for a man that would live handsomely,
And like a gentleman, in's wits and credit.
What torments shall I put her to ? |
Cut her in pieces ? Every piece will live still,
And every morsel of her will do mischief.
They have so many lives, there's no hanging of 'em ;
They are too light to drown, they're cork and
feathers ;
Under huge heaps of stones to bury her,
And so depress her, as they did the giants ?
She will move under more than built old Babel.
I must destroy her, — *for she has cheated me*

2.

R— Enter CACAFOGO, with a Casket.

Cacaf. Be cozen'd by a thing of clouts ! a she
moth,

That every silkman's shop breeds ! to be cheated,
And of a thousand ducats, by a whim-wham !

Per. Who's that is cheated ? Speak again, thou
vision !

But, art thou cheated ? Minister some comfort:
Tell me, I conjure thee.

Cacaf. Then keep thy circle ;
For I'm a spirit wild that flies about thee ;
And, whosoe'er thou art, if thou be'st human,
I'll let thee plainly know, I'm cheated damnably.

Per. Ha, ha, ha !

Cacaf. Dost thou laugh ?—Damnably, I say, most
damnably.

Per. By whom, good spirit ?—Speak, speak,—
Ha, ha, ha !

Cacaf. I'll utter ; listen :—By a rascal woman.

Per. Ha, ha, ha !

Cacaf. Dost thou laugh still ?

Per. I must laugh ; 'pr'ythee, pardon me ;
I shall laugh terribly.

Cacaf. I shall be angry,
Terribly angry. I have cause.

Per. By a woman cozen'd ?

Art sure it was a woman ? a real woman ?

Cacaf. A real devil.—

Plague of her jewels and her copper chains,
How rank they smell !—

Per. Sweet cozen'd sir, let's see them :

foully I have been cheated too, I'd have you note that,
And ~~lewdly~~ cheated, by a woman also,
A scurvy woman : I'm undone, sweet sir ;
Therefore I must have leave to laugh.

Cacaf. 'Pray ye, take it :

You are the merriest undone man in Europe.

Per. Ha, ha, ha !

I've seen these jewels.—What a notable pennyworth
Have you had ! You will not take, sir,
Some twenty ducats,—

Cacaf. Thou'rt deceiv'd ; I'll take some ten,
Some any thing,—some half ten, half a ducat.

Per. An excellent lapidary set these stones, sure !
D'ye mark their waters ?

Cacaf. Quicksand choke their waters !—

+ L— But I shall find her.

Per. And so shall I, I hope : But do not hurt her ;
You cannot find in all this kingdom
If you had need of cozening, as you may have,
A woman that can cozen you so neatly.—
She's ta'en half mine anger off with this trick.—
Ha, ha, ha !—

[*Exit PEREZ. R.*]

Cacaf. If I were valiant now, I'd kill this fellow ;
I've money enough lies by me, at a pinch,
To pay for twenty rascals' lives that vex me.—
I'll to this lady ; there I shall be satisfied.

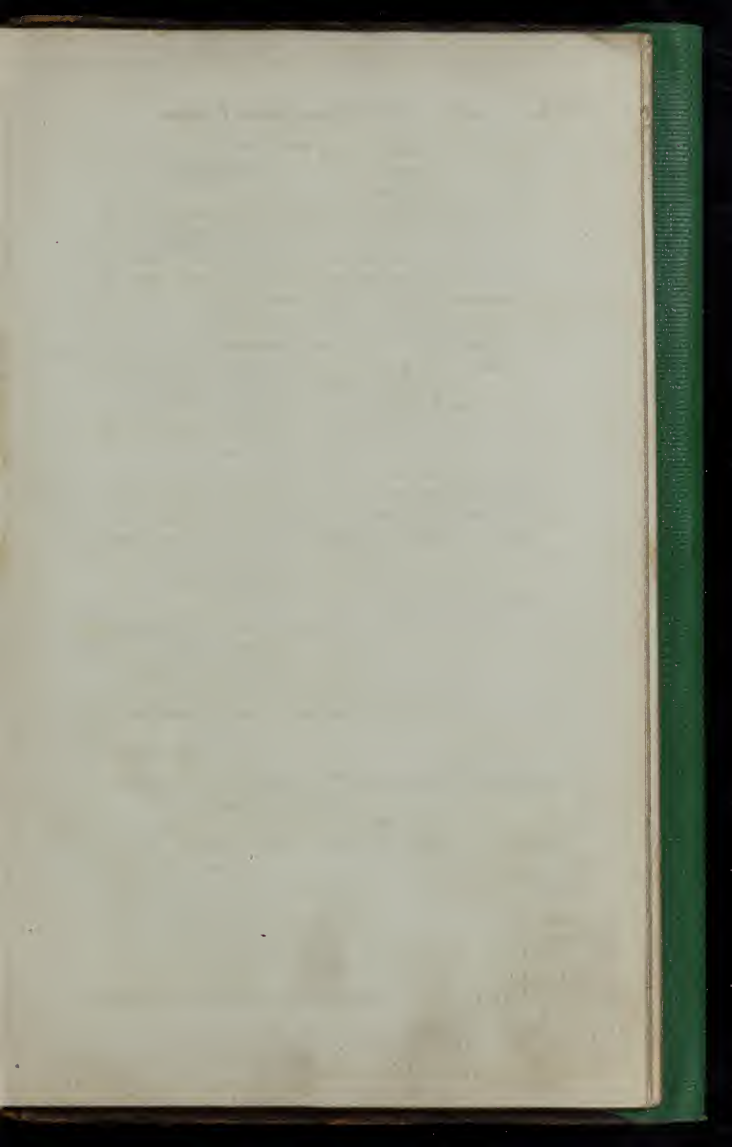
[*Exit. L.*]

SCENE II. *1st Q.*

Another Street.

R— Enter PEREZ meeting ESTIFANIA. *L.*

Per. Why, how dar'st thou meet me again, thou
rebel,



3

R- { Leon
Margarita — Purse

L- { Lorenzo
Sancho
Sancho { Handkerchief stain'd
Alonso { with blood
Mama

And know'st how thou hast us'd me thrice, thou rascal?

Were there not ways enough to fly my vengeance,
No holes, nor vaults to hide thee from my fury,
But thou must meet me face to face to kill thee?
I would not seek thee to destroy thee willingly;
But now thou com'st t' invite me, com'st upon me.
How like a sheep-biting rogue, taken i' the manner,
And ready for a halter, dost thou look now?
Thou hast a hanging look, thou scurvy thing!

Hast ne'er a knife,
Nor e'er a string, to lead thee to Elysium?

Be there no pitiful 'pothecaries in this town,
That have compassion upon wretched women,
That dare administer a dram of ratsbane?

Esti. I know, you've mercy.

Per. If I had tons of mercy, thou deserv'st none.
What new trick 's now a-foot, and what new houses
Have you i' the air? what orchards in apparition?
What canst thou say for thy life?

Esti. Little or nothing.

I know, you'll kill me; and, I know, 't is useless
To beg for mercy. 'Pray, let me draw my book out,
—And pray a little.

Per. Do, a very little;

For I have further business than thy killing:
I have money yet to borrow.—Speak, when you're
ready.

Esti. Now, now, sir, now.—

[*As PEREZ turns to her, she draws out a Pistol,
and he starts back.*]

Come on.—Do your start off from me?
Per. Do you sweat, great captain? Have you seen a
spirit?

Per. Do you wear guns?

Esti. I am a soldier's wife, sir,
And by that privilege I may be arm'd.—
Now, what's the news? Come, let's discourse more
friendly,
And talk of our affairs in peace.

Per. Let me see,

'Pr'ythee, let me see thy gun; 't is a very pretty one.

Esti. No, no, sir; you shall feel—

Per. Hold, hold, ye villain!

What, would you kill your own dear husband?—

Ah!—

Esti. Ah!—Let mine own dear husband then

Be in 's own wits: [*Throws him a Purse.*] There,
there's a thousand ducats:—

Who must provide for you?—and yet you'll kill me.

Per. I will not hurt thee for ten thousand
millions.

Esti. When will you redeem your jewels? I've
pawn'd 'em;

You see for what: We must keep touch.

Per. I'll kiss thee,

And get as many more; I'll make thee famous,—

Had we the house now! ~~XL~~

Esti. Come along with me;

If that he vanish'd, there be more to hire, sir.

Per. I see, I am an ass, when thou art near me.

Esti. Did you never know that before?

[*Exeunt.* L]

~~5th Act begins here~~
3^d SCENE III. 2^d G.

Margarita's Town-House.

R— Enter LEON and MARGARITA.

Leon. Come, we'll away unto your country-house,
And there we'll learn to live contentedly;
This place is full of charge and full of hurry;
No part of sweetness dwells about these cities.

Mar. Whither you will, I wait upon your pleasure:
Live in a hollow tree, sir, I'll live with ye.

Leon. Ay, now you strike a harmony, a true one,
When your obedience waits upon your husband:
Why, now I dote upon you, love you dearly;
And my rough nature falls, like roaring streams,
Clearly, and sweetly into your embraces,

Ready Clash of Swords

pick 'em up (head/pick) Per. etc. - Bl. H. etc.
Convent picket - he picks them up -

Let him be discovered in Salon
Private Chamber

with their swords drawn,
A Sancho & Alonso supporting the Duke, who
has a handkerchief stained with blood wrapt
round his right arm.

Command you now, and ease me of that trouble,
I'll be as humble to you as a servant;
Bid whom you please, invite your noble friends;
They shall be welcome all,
Now experience
Has link'd you fast unto the chain of goodness.

[. + + + ——— [A Clashing of Swords without.]

Alon. and San. [*Without.*] Down with their swords!
Down with their swords!

Leon. What noise is this? what dismal cry?

Mar. 'Tis loud too:—

Sure, there's some mischief done i' the street:—

Look out there.

Leon. Look out, and help.

[. X ——— Enter LORENZO.]

Lor. O, sir!—The Duke Medina——

Leon. What of the Duke Medina?

Lor. O sweet gentleman!——

Is almost slain.

Mar. Away, away, and help him; + L.

All the house help.

[Exeunt MARGARITA and LORENZO. L. X]

Leon. How! slain?—Why Margarita! Wife!——

Hah! hah!

Some new device they have a-foot again,

Some trick upon my credit: I shall meet it:—

I'd rather guide a ship imperial

Alone, and in a storm, than rule one woman.

[. X ——— Enter MARGARITA, SANCHO, Duke, and ALONSO. A]

Mar. How came you hurt, sir?

Duke. I fell out with my friend, the noble colonel;

My cause was naught; for 't was about your honour:

And he that wrongs the innocent, ne'er prospers.

For charity,

Lend me a bed, to ease my tortur'd body,

That, ere I perish, I may show my penitence.—

I fear, I'm slain.

Leon. Help, gentlemen, to bear him in:

There shall be nothing in this house, my lord,
But as your own.

Duke. I thank ye, noble sir. *+ R A*

Leon. To bed with him: and, wife, give your attendance.

[*Exeunt* SANCHO, *Duke*, ALONSO, and MARGARITA. *R. b*]

L. b— *Enter* JUAN, *with his Sword drawn.*

Leon. Afore me? — 'Tis rarely counterfeited.

Juan. True, it is so, sir :

He is not hurt ; only we made a scuffle,
As though we purpos'd anger : that same scratch
On's hand he took, to colour all, and draw com-
passion,

That he might get into your house more cunningly.
I must not stay. Stand now, and you're a brave
fellow.

Leon. I thank ye, noble colonel, and I honour
ye.—

[*Exit* JUAN. *L. b*]

Never be quiet?—

R. b— *Enter* MARGARITA.

Mar. He's most desperate ill, sir ;
I do not think, these ten months will recover him.

Leon. Does he hire my house to play the fool in?
Or does it stand on fairy ground? We're haunted.
Are all men and their wives troubled with dreams
thus?

Mar. What ail you, sir?

Leon. Nay ; what ail you, sweet wife,
To put these daily pastimes on my patience?
What dost thou see in me, that I should suffer this?

Mar. Alas, I pity ye.

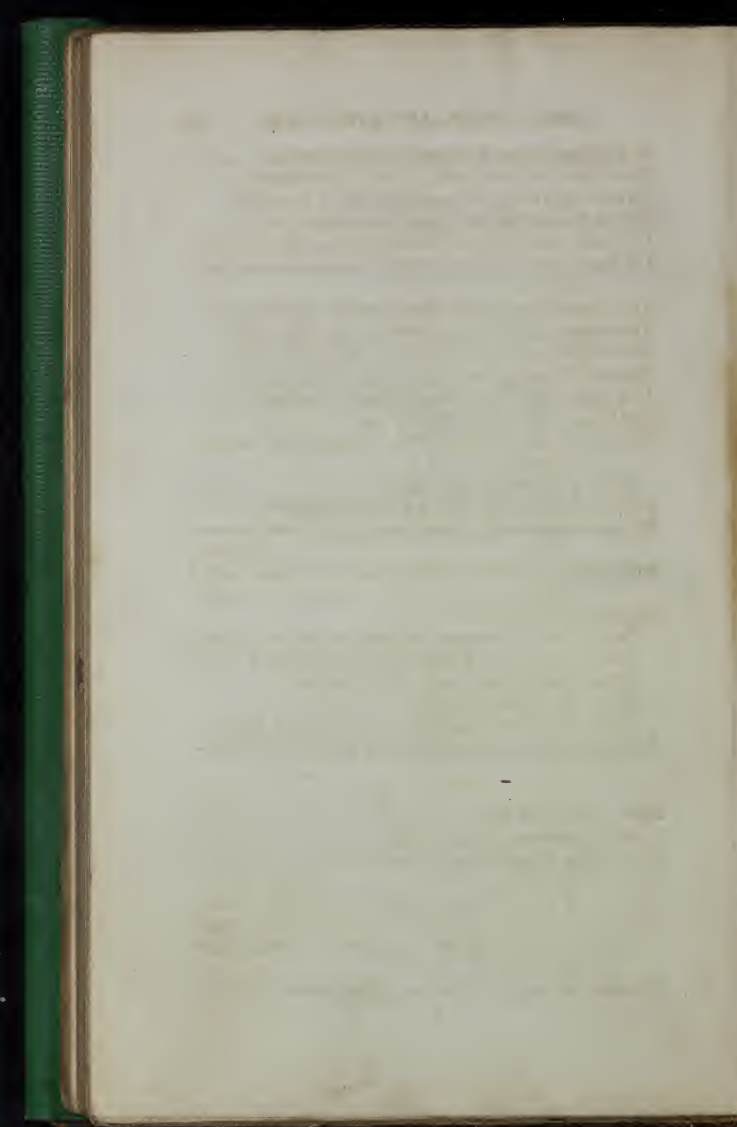
Leon. You'll make me angry,—
You never saw me mad yet.

Mar. You are always ;
You carry a kind of Bedlam still about ye.

Leon. If thou pursu'st me further, I run stark
mad :

A Supported by Sancho & Alonso

4
5 - Altia
Dis - Inke - a Comm. p. 12



If you have more hurt dukes or gentlemen
To lie here on your cure, I shall be desperate :
I know the trick, and you shall feel I know it.
Are ye so hot that no hedge can contain ye ?
I'll have you let blood in all the veins about you ;
I'll have your thoughts found too, and have them
open'd ;

Your spirits purg'd, for those are they that fire ye ;
Your maid shall be your mistress, you the maid,
And all her servile labours you shall reach at,
And go through cheerfully, or else sleep empty ;
That maid shall lie by me, to teach you duty ;
You in a pallet by, to humble ye,
— And grieve for what you lose,—you foolish, wicked,
woman !

Mar. I've lost myself, sir ;
And all that was my base self, disobedience ;
My wantonness, my stubbornness, I've lost too :—
[Kneels.]

And now, by that pure faith good wives are crown'd
with,

By your own nobleness,—

Leon. Beware, beware !—Have you no fetch now ?

Mar. No ; by my repentance, no. [Weeps.]

Leon. And art thou truly, truly honest ?

Mar. My life shall show it.

Leon. I take you up, [Raises and embraces her.]

And wear you next my heart : See you be worth it.—

~~Altea—Madam~~ *Enter ALTEA.*

Now, what with you ?

Alt. I come, to tell my lady,

There is a fulsome fat fellow below—

Would fain speak with her.

Leon. 'T is Cacafofo :—Keep him from the duke,
The duke from him : Anon, he'll yield us laughter.

Alt. Where is it, please you, that we shall detain
him ?

He seems at war with reason, full of wine.

Leon. To the cellar with him; 't is the drunkard's den,

Fit cover for such beasts: Should he be resty,
Say, I'm at home; unwieldy as he is,
He'll creep into an auger-hole to shun me.

Alt. I will dispose him there.

[*Exit ALTEA. L.*]

Leon. Now, Margarita, comes your trial on:
The duke expects you; acquit yourself to him;
I put you to the test: You have my trust,
My confidence; my love.

Mar. I will deserve 'em.

[*Exit MARGARITA. R.D.*]

Leon. My work is done, and now my heart's at case:

I read in every look, she means me fairly;
And nobly shall my love reward her for 't:
He who betrays his rights, the husband's rights,
To pride and wantonness, or who denies
Affection to the heart he has subdu'd,
Forfeits his claim to manhood and humanity.

[*Exit. R.D.*]

SCENE IV.

Scen. 6.

4 Chorus.

A Chamber in Margarita's Town-House.

The Duke discovered upon a Couch.

Duke. Why, this now is most excellent invention;
I shall succeed, spite of this huffing husband.
I can but smile, to think, most wary-spouses
The soonest are deceiv'd.—

R.D.—Enter MARGARITA.

Who's there?—

Mar. 'T is I, my lord.

Duke. Are you alone, sweet friend?

Mar. Alone, and come t' inquire how your wounds are?

Duke. [*Rises.*] I have none, lady; not a hurt about me;

5
 Leon
 R- } Iran
 } Altea
 } Alouvo
 } Sancho

and
6-
7

6

£ { Loreo 20
Cala 1050
Sic 40

My damages I did but counterfeit,
And feign'd the quarrel only for your sake.
I am as lusty, and as full of health,
As high in blood,—My Margarita, come,
~~Come to my couch, and there let's kiss love's lan-~~
~~guage.~~

Mar. Hold, hold, my lord:—
Would you take that, which I've no right to give?
Steal wedlock's property?—and in his house,
Beneath the roof of him who entertains you,
Would you his wife betray?—Will you become
The ungrateful viper who, restor'd to life,
Venom'd the unsuspecting breast that sav'd him?

Duke. Leave these dull thoughts to mortifying
penance:

Let us, while love is lusty, prove its power.

Mar. Forbear, my lord:—

Proud follies once, I own, debas'd my mind;
You found its weakness, wanted to ensnare it:
Great, I allow, my fault; but 't is repented.
No more the giddy Margarita now,
But the chaste wife of Leon: His great merit,
His manly tenderness, his trusting love,
Command from me affection in return
Pure as esteem can offer; he has won me,
And all my mended heart's devoted to him.

Duke. This jesting well becomes a sprightly beauty!—
No more mementos; let me press you to me,
And stifle with my kisses.

Mar. Nay,—Within there!—

R. D. — Enter LEON, ^{+ behind L.} JUAN, ALTEA, ALONSO, and SANCHE.

Leon. Now?—Did you call, my wife?—or you,
my lord? ^{+ to the Duke}
Was it your grace that wanted me?—No answer!—
Methinks you look but poorly on this matter:
Has my wife wounded you? You were well before.

Duke. More hurt than ever, sir.—Spare your
reproach;
I feel too much already.

Leon. I see it, sir : and now your grace shall know,
I can as readily pardon, as revenge :
Be comforted ; all is forgotten.

Duke. I thank you, sir.

Leon. Wife, you are a right one ;
And now, with unknown nations I dare trust ye.

Juan. [*Aside to the Duke.*] No more feign'd fights,
my lord ; they never prosper.

Enter LORENZO.

Lor. Please you, sir,
We cannot keep this gross fat man in order :
He swears, he'll have admittance to my lady ;
And reels about, and clamours most outrageously.

Leon. Let him come up.—

[*Exit LORENZO.*]

Wife, here's another suitor we forgot,
Who has been sighing in the cellar, making
My casks his mistresses.—

Will your grace permit us to produce a rival ?

Duke. No more on that theme, I request, Don
Leon.

L - Cacaf. [*Without.*] Where is she ? where is she ?—

Leon. Here comes the porpoise.—

Let me stand by awhile. [*Retires a little up C.*]

Enter CACAFOGO drunk, led by LORENZO and DIEGO.

Cacaf. Where is my Bona roba ?—You're all
here !—

Why, I don't fear snap-dragons :—

I'm full of Greek wine, the true ancient courage.—

Sweet Mrs. Margarita !—Let me kiss thee, —

Leon. What would you ?

Cacaf. Sir !—

Leon. Lead off the wretch.

Duke. Most filthy figure truly.

Cacaf. Filthy ! O, you're a prince ; yet I can buy
Your dukedom ; I can buy all of you,
Your wives and all,

Juan. Sleep, and be silent,

7
L. D. { *Pore*
estijania

Sas. - Clon. Alta - Marg. Leon. La. ke. gran. Por. Estiz

or.

L.

Cacaf. Speak you to your creditors,
Good captain Halfpay; I'll not take thy pawns in.

Leon. Which of the butts is thy mistress?

Cacaf. Butt in thy belly!—

Leon. There's two in thine, I'm sure; 't is grown
so monstrous.

Cacaf. Butt in thy face!—

Leon. Go, carry him to sleep.

Cacaf. I can buy you all,—all,——

[Exeunt CACAFEGO, LORENZO, and DIEGO. L.]

Leon. When he is cool'd, we'll let him out, to
rail;—

Or hang himself; there will be no loss of him.

L. D. Enter PEREZ and ESTIFANIA.

Who's this?—My mahound cousin!—

Per. Good, sir; 't is very good. 'Would I'd a
house too;

For there's no talking in the open air.

You have a pretty seat; you have the luck on't:

A pretty lady too;—I have miss'd both;—

My carpenter built in a mist, I thank him:

Do me the courtesy to let me see it,

See it once more: But I shall cry for anger.

I'll hire a chandler's shop close under ye,

And, for my foolery, sell soap and whip-cord.

Leon. Ha! ha! ha!—

Per. Nay, if you do not laugh now, and laugh
heartily,

You are a fool, coz.

Leon. I must laugh a little;—

And now I've done.—Coz, thou shalt live with me; *[H to Per]*

My merry coz, the world shall not divorce us:

Thou art a valiant man, and thou shalt never want.

Will this content thee?

Per. I'll cry, and then be thankful;

Indeed, I will; and I'll be honest to ye:

I'd live a swallow here, I must confess. *[Leon to Mary]*

Wife, I forgive thee all, if thou be honest;

And, at thy peril, I believe thee excellent.

Esti. If I prove otherwise, let me beg first.

Mar. Sir, let me imitate your nobleness:—
 + to Estif Here,—[*Gives ESTIFANIA a Purse.*]—this is yours;
 some recompense for service. *[Returns to her p 12.]*
Duke. [*Gives LEON a Paper.*] And this is yours;
 your true commission, sir:

Now you 're a captain.

Leon. You 're a noble prince, sir:—

And now, my gallant comrades, for the field!—

Juan. Sir, I shall wait upon you through all
 fortunes.

San. Noble Don Leon, so shall I.

Alon. And I too.

Alt. And I must needs attend my mistress.

Leon. Will you go, sister?

Alt. Yes, indeed, good brother;

I have two ties,—mine own blood, and my mistress.

Mar. Is she your sister?

Leon. Yes, indeed, good wife,

And my best sister; for she prov'd so, wench,

When she deceiv'd you with a loving husband.

Alt. I would not deal so truly for a stranger.

Mar. Well, I could chide ye;

But it must be lovingly, and like a sister.

[*Embraces ALTEA.*]

Duke. I'll bring you on your way, and feast ye
 nobly,—

For now I have an honest heart to love ye,—

And then deliver you to the blue Neptune.

Juan. Your colours you must wear, and wear 'em
 proudly,

Wear 'em before the bullet, and in blood too:

And all the world shall know we 're Virtue's servants.

Duke. And all the world shall know, a noble mind
 Makes women beautiful, and envy blind.

Leon. You who would lead a happy married life,
 First learn to rule, and then to have, a wife.

[*Exeunt.*]

THE END.

Early in the morning

Small orange *Phaenocarpa* - *Phaenocarpa* sp. -

2. H. N. 55 near the Lyngby station -

